

THE SCOURGE,

MARCH 1st, 1813.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We must issue it as a general request to correspondents, that they favor us with their contributions on or before the 20th of each month, if they look to current insertion.

Memoirs of Emerald Star.—The conclusion of this interesting article came too late for this month; and we are necessarily obliged to disappoint our readers: it will certainly appear in our next.

A friend to the Dutch jeweller, does not appear to be so by the favour before us—his communication is inadmissible.

S—— J—— promises his friendship in the event of a prosecution for libel, with which he says we are threatened by Burckhardt, and has communicated some very valuable hints, for which we beg leave to return him our sincere acknowledgments. We hope, however, that he is incorrect in his statement concerning Burckhardt's folly in rallying the "St. James's Chapter" about him on the occasion: he has more enemies in that chapter than he is aware of.

The marvellous history and adventures of MAWMAN the travelling orator, in our next.

We are very happy to recognize the hand-writing of an old correspondent from *Portsmouth*.

If *Justin* or *Justus* can point out the means by which we can arrive at correct information on the subject of his communication we shall not spare the objects of his censure: we have long been aware of the dreadful depredations committed on society by those advertising money-lending harpies—and have been anxious, as in the instance of Jew King, to expose their impostures, the better to protect the unwary from their clutches.

The conclusion of the Satirical Prospectus in our next.

Justitia, in reply to Censor, if possible.

The memoirs of Mrs. *Billington* are received.

We are much indebted to our *Shiffnall* correspondent for his hint, but beg to inform him, that by directing the binder to place the leaf of contents which is given with each number at the end of every volume, it will serve as an *index*.

J. K. will find our readiness to admit his poetical effusions; but we see little point in a *special pleader* having a wife that is a *special breeder*.

We acknowledge the receipt of several articles on various subjects; among others, a *Review of Rokeby*, which is inadmissible, from its being noticed in a former number.

THE SCOURGE.

MARCH 1, 1813.

STRICTURES ON THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S
LETTER TO THE PRINCE REGENT.

(Written by a Young NOBLEMAN.)

WITH feelings of the deepest regret we sit down to examine into the complaint of her Royal Highness, and to enquire if her sufferings are unmerited, or whether by imprudence she has sacrificed the rights of a wife, and the rights of a parent: with regret, because it will be expected of us that we do not silently pass over a subject of so much importance, and which principally occupies the consideration of the public; and we cannot but reflect that these discussions shake the stability of the throne, and weaken the confidence of the people in him who is vested with the full powers and functions of royalty. We disclaim all party views: we wish not to visit the Prince with unjust censure, or load her Royal Highness with opprobrium. Much has been said of "the Book," of the "DELICATE INVESTIGATION;" and slander has darted her poisonous shafts at either party, and forged the lie to aid her undermining schemes. A Sedley has written and tortured facts, and invented them, and made up his specious tales of fiction to gratify the curiosity of the times, and fill his pockets with the gold earned by the insidious subtle means of villainous detraction. He has filled the town with tales that have him only for their foundation, and given to report so many false and scandalous whisperings, that from what *we have heard*, it is impossible to conjecture the truth from the falsehood, and

it is only from what *we have still to hear*, that we shall be enabled to draw just conclusions. We shall confine ourselves to the letter, which is the first well authenticated document that has hitherto lain before us, independent of the declaration of the late Mr. Perceval, and connect this with the cabinet minute still existing, and which pronounces, as the result of the CLOSEST examination, HER FULL and HONOURABLE ACQUITTAL. Political apostacy was never more evident than in the conduct of the newspapers towards this much-injured female. The *Morning Post*, formerly her champion, and the loud libeller of her husband, has suddenly veered round to opposite points, and become the panegyrist of the Regent, and the severe reprover of the Princess: nay, it threatens and *affects* to believe what it had wasted columns formerly in disproving; the *Courier* has followed the example; and the *Times* has scandalously veered to the same quarter: while the *Morning Chronicle*, and its satellites, adopting their example in the reverse, now upholds the cause of the Princess of Wales, in contradiction to their former assertions, and repels those charges they themselves adduced against her a few years back. Such are the political changes to which modern times are liable! Such the apostacy of the press! But to the letter—it begins, Sir, *It is with great reluctance that I presume to obtrude myself upon your Royal Highness, and to solicit your attention to matters, which may, at first, appear rather of a personal than a public nature. If I could think them so—if they related merely to myself, I should abstain from a proceeding which might give uneasiness, or interrupt the more weighty occupations of your Royal Highness's time; I should continue in silence and retirement, to lead the life which has been prescribed to me, and console myself for the loss of that society and those domestic comforts to which I have so long been a stranger, by the reflection that it has been deemed proper I should be afflicted without any fault of my own—and that your Royal Highness knows it. The temperate spirit of these lines, breathing the meekness of*

resignation, but pleading powerfully against injuries endured, must be read with that interest and attention, which in our opinion they cannot fail to inspire; but let us stop short, and ask what but conscious innocence could have dictated the two last lines? "*It has been deemed proper I should be afflicted WITHOUT ANY FAULT OF MY OWN—and that your Royal Highness knows it.*" It is an open assertion, sheltered by no sophistry, encumbered not by words; it does not appear to have been dictated by fear; it courts enquiry with all the firmness of innocence.—It must be remembered this letter was not intended to meet the public eye, but in the event of its not being perused or received by the person for whom it was intended.—This was a hard truth then to obtrude upon his Royal Highness in the privacy of his closet.

But, Sir, there are considerations of a higher nature, than any regard to my own happiness, which render this address a duty both to myself and my daughter, may I venture to say—a duty also to my husband and the people committed to his care. There is a point beyond which a guiltless woman cannot with safety carry her forbearance—true, there is a point beyond which endurance argues guilt, and it is greatly attributable to the silence long preserved of her Royal Highness, that her enemies have obtained a color to their calumnies. The letter proceeds, if her honor is invaded, the defence of her reputation is no longer a matter of choice; and it signifies not, whether the attack be made openly, manfully and directly—or by secret insinuation, and by holding such conduct towards her as countenances all the suspicions that malice can suggest; who is there possessing the feelings of a man, will not admit this truth; and by identifying himself with the calumniated and the injured, would not almost frantically call out for justice, and to be freed from the loud aspersions of the traducer, and that cold conduct from others, which sharpens the point of detraction's spear? If these ought to be the feelings of every woman in England, who is conscious that she deserves no reproach; your Royal Highness has too sound a judg-

ment, and too nice a sense of honor, not to perceive how much more justly they belong to the mother of your daughter—the mother of her who is destined, I trust at a very distant period, to reign over the British empire. It may be known to your Royal Highness, that during the continuance of the restrictions upon your royal authority, I purposely refrained from making any representations which might then augment the painful difficulties of your exalted station; at the expiration of the restrictions I still was inclined to delay taking this step, in the hope that I might owe the redress I sought to your gracious and unsolicited condescension. We enter at once into this unhappy lady's cheering solace; we know something of the infirmity of human nature, and to what a slender thread hope will cling itself. Where a lingering wish remains it is fearful to provoke irrevocable displeasure, and surely it is not unnatural in a wife and mother to feed the hope that the day will come when she shall be united to her husband, and be the mother to her daughter; but when that hope departs, when intreaty has failed, and endurance still left her far from the haven of her prospects, in the bitterness of grief will she not deplore and seek to vindicate her honor. How eloquently does the letter proceed—I have waited in the fond indulgence of this expectation, until to my inexpressible mortification I find that my unwillingness to complain has only produced fresh grounds of complaint; and I am at length compelled either to abandon all regard for the two dearest objects which I possess on earth, mine own honor and my beloved child, or to throw myself at the feet of your Royal Highness the natural protector of both. Whoever was the writer he knew how to depict the meek complaining feeling of sufferings, and to mildly express the painful alternative to which the Princess has been driven. Who shall say, that the Regent is not the natural protector of his wife and child, and equally of their honor?—why should that mysterious silence be preserved, which has given an edge to calumny and circulated doubt? If she is guilty, bring forward at once the evidence that is to criminate,—and

pronounce her so—the country demands it, and it is imperative on the honor of the prince himself. If she is innocent free her from aspersion—circumstances of a nature which the public have nothing to do with, may operate against their living together; but they cannot operate against the duty which a husband owes to his wife and self, to uphold her honor and do her public justice. *I presume, Sir, to represent to your Royal Highness, that the separation which every succeeding month is making wider of the mother and the daughter, is equally injurious to my character and to her education.* An indisputable truth; it is weakening the chains of affection, the bond of parental and filial love; it is disjuncting the sacred links of nature, and is a step that ought never to have been resorted to unless indeed to hold up the guilty mother to the censure of an innocent child, to make her tremble at her steps and shun her sad example. In point of education, who so fit to warm the rays of genius into life as the fond, the expecting mother? who to nurture the shoots of reason and of judgment, and to direct the studies she is to pursue, the accomplishmentss he is to excel in?—there is a secret tie that binds the infant to its parent, that lures it to her precept, to sever such without an unanswerable cause, is to impiously break through the bonds of Heaven, the sacred decree of nature. *I say nothing of the deep wounds which so cruel an arrangement inflicts upon my feelings, although I would fain hope that few persons will be found of a disposition to think lightly of these.* Few, few indeed! Hear nature speak through the organs of the unlettered mother—how wildly will she moan her griefs cut to the soul, her blood will mount to a distracted brain, her sufferings and her sighs will appal, will terrify. *To see myself cut off from one of the very few domestic enjoyments left me—certainly the only one upon which I set any value, the society of my child—involves me in such misery as I well know your Royal Highness could never inflict upon me, if you were aware of its bitterness.* Unhappy lady! if these are your feelings, and why should they be doubted?

you have excited a commiseration, and will preserve it under any circumstances of guilt or innocence. *Our intercourse has been gradually diminished; why was it ever suffered! if improper? a single interview weekly seemed sufficiently hard allowance for a mother's affections—hard indeed to be so restrained! that however, was reduced to our meeting once a fortnight; and I now learn that this most rigorous interdiction is to be still more rigidly enforced.* Let us pause to ask what new necessity is suspected to exist for this refinement upon cruelty? Have new circumstances arisen, fresh food for obloquy? The daughter has lived with her mother since the investigation, since her *acquittal* from those gross charges exhibited against her; and by the king's authority exercised her maternal duties: when the necessity arrived for them to be separated agreeable to the laws of royalty, she was still permitted to see her mother, and no restraint was placed upon her affection, or inclination in that respect—how is it? have fresh circumstances arisen? Is the mother less pure than she was previous to the REGENCY, and has she been progressively growing worse? *But while I do not venture to intrude my feelings as a mother on your Royal Highness's notice, I must be allowed to say that in the eyes of an observing and jealous world this separation of a daughter from her mother will only admit of one construction—a construction fatal to the mother's reputation. Your Royal Highness will also pardon me for adding, that there is no less inconsistency than injustice in this treatment. He who dares advise your Royal Highness to overlook the evidence of my innocence, (hear this, the evidence of her innocence!) and disregard the sentence of complete acquittal which it produced—complete acquittal!—or is wicked and false enough still to whisper suspicions in your ear, betrays his duty to you, Sir, to your daughter, and to your people, if he counsels you to permit a day to pass without a further investigation of my conduct. Is this less than the consciousness of innocence supported by that verdict of acquittal of which she boasts; but she braves, she invites a*

still further investigation, and throws out dark hints that there are evil counsellors surrounding the person of her royal husband, and whose business it is to poison his ear—let us hope this is the case, let us enjoy the pleasing thought that poison is *poured* into the royal ear, that it does not *spring* there.—The letter continues—*I know that no such calumniator will venture to recommend a measure which must speedily end in his utter confusion.—Then let me implore you to reflect on the situation in which I am placed, without the shadow of a charge against me, without even an accuser—after an enquiry that led to my ample vindication—yet treated as if I were still more culpable, than the perjuries of my suborned traducers represented me.* SUBORNED TRADUCERS, gracious Heaven! can this be possible? *and held up to the world as a mother who may not enjoy the society of her only child.* There is a dark mystery somewhere, which must be brought to light, nay, though the veil which were thrown over it, were dark as Erebus and thick as chaos, it must stand revealed, or a louder feeling may be excited than that of wonder. The Princess of Wales comes forth openly to the world and accuses some one of *suborning to perjury*, of conspiring to traduce her fair fame—does such a wretch exist?—why is he not hunted out? these are natural questions which arise out of her address! but there is a cloud encircling the Regent's honor, a film which so obscures it, that it will be dangerous the delay to remove it—this is a country where the injuries offered to an interesting and unfortunate female, will not sink to the grave unknown or unredressed. Not all the prisons in the kingdom will restrain the chivalry of the press—if facts are to be concealed, conjecture will be busy, reports calumnious and violent; and in the agitation of the public mind, it will be hard to escape the very severity of animadversion: thus, then, who shall prescribe how far the angry feelings of the multitude shall carry them?—A necklace lost the family of the Bourbons the throne of France: it was the first cause—it occasioned murmurs, it weakened the alle-

giance of the nation—1. ripened dissention—and disquietude increased. Let the investigation commence then de novo, the princess demands it in spite of newspaper threateners; she looks forward to it, and the country is with her—let the whole of the proceedings be public—public, as the investigation into the conduct of the Duke of York—the whole affair, which ever way it turns, will be but a nine days' wonder; the innocent will be freed from suspicion, and the truth, whatever it may be, cannot bring half so much danger with it as now threatening hangs over us through the obscure and dark tales which occupy the public mind. *The feelings, Sir, which are natural to my unexampled situation, might justify me in the gracious judgment of your Royal Highness, had I no other motives for addressing you, but such as relate to myself. But I will not disguise from your Royal Highness what I cannot for a moment conceal from myself, that the serious, and it soon may be, the irreparable injury which my daughter sustains from the plan at present pursued, has done more in overcoming my reluctance to intrude upon your Royal Highness, than any sufferings of my own could accomplish, and if for her sake I presume to call away your Royal Highness's attention from the other cares of your exalted station, I feel confident I am not claiming it for a matter of inferior importance either to yourself or your people. The powers with which the constitution of these realms vests your Royal Highness in the regulation of the Royal Family, I know because I am so advised, are ample and unquestionable: and these known powers seem to have excited all the alarm which a fond mother could feel, which has urged her to meet the danger she apprehended half way, and which, it is evident, has given birth to the present letter. Referring to this part of the address it will be perceptible on the face of it that the writer, or rather the presumed writer, had no confidence in her royal husband; that she had no hopes in his spontaneous conduct; no hopes that her maternal feelings would be respected; but alarmed lest she should be wholly de-*

barred the society of her beloved child, she resorted to this forlorn expedient of awakening compassion for her sufferings. She continues, *My appeal, Sir, is made to your excellent sense and liberality of mind in the exercise of those powers; and I willingly hope, that your own parental feelings will lead you to excuse the anxiety of mine for impelling me to represent the unhappy consequences which the present system must entail upon our beloved child.* The causes and effects are then forcibly stated, but we are bound to confess we see nothing glaringly wrong in the system adopted with the young princess, excepting that meditated estrangement of her from her mother, which, according to this address, occupies the Regent's mind even to exclusion. *Is it possible, Sir, that any one can have attempted to persuade your Royal Highness that her character will not be injured by the perpetual violence offered to her strongest affections—the studied care taken to estrange her from my society, and even to interrupt all communication between us.* We know no common terms sufficiently strong to express our abhorrence of such a wanton exercise of power, such a dereliction of the duties of a parent, such an abandonment of conjugal ties. We are premising the mother innocent of the charges adduced against her—she has been pronounced so under the commission opened for the purposes of inquiry, and it is the wholesome law of this land that that acquittal was full and complete. Who then shall dare to breathe insinuation into the royal ear? who to persuade? We pronounce him a traitor of no ordinary class, the very corruption of his country, and the secret enemy of the Prince. If any circumstances have since transpired awakening doubt, exciting suspicion, let enquiry be gone into; substantiate the charges, and the country will at once decide that communication should cease between mother and daughter—but the former is innocent—innocent in the eyes of the world until found and pronounced guilty by her peers. *That her love for me with whom by his Majesty's wise and gracious arrangements she passed the years of her infancy and childhood, never can*

be extinguished, I well know, and the knowledge of it forms the greatest blessing of my existence. But let me implore your Royal Highness to reflect how inevitably all attempts to abate this attachment by forcibly separating us; if they succeed, must injure my child's principles, if they fail, must destroy her happiness. We have already pointed out on this subject all that our limits will allow us to express; the effects of such conduct upon the mind of the daughter, without an imperative cause being assigned, cannot fail of being injurious to her principles, or a source of considerable unhappiness to her if she is imbued with those sensitive feelings which a fond mother hails. The plan of excluding my daughter from all intercourse with the world appears to my humble judgment peculiarly unfortunate. She who is destined to be the sovereign of this great country, enjoys none of those advantages of society which are deemed necessary for imparting a knowledge of mankind to persons who have infinitely less occasion to learn that important lesson; and it may so happen by a chance which I trust is very remote, that she should be called upon to exercise the powers of the crown with an inexperience of the world more confined than that of the most private individual. To the extraordinary talents with which she is blessed, and which accompany a disposition as singularly amiable, frank, and decided, I willingly trust much; but beyond a certain point the greatest natural endowments cannot struggle against the disadvantages of circumstance and situation. It is my earnest prayer for her own sake, as well as her country's, that your Royal Highness may be induced to pause before this point be reached. We willingly recognize maternal vanity as a weakness divested of every error, and owing its birth to the tenderest affection: it is naturally the mother's wish to see her daughter mixing in society, the gaze and admiration of the multitude; but while we cannot condemn we would expostulate, and point out to her, the evident advantages the mind of youth will derive by that knowledge to be attained by study, previous to, and which lays such an excellent foundation for a knowledge of men and

manners. We are no advocates for early introduction into life; we have seen too often the melancholy consequences arising out of them, and confidently believe that half the vices which characterize the upper circles of society owe their birth to such introductions taking place before the mind is half formed, and left to be wrecked upon the gilded bubbles of glaring fashion. The Regent has mixed in no ordinary degree with the world, he has drawn his own observations, and we give him credit for the exercise of a correct judgment in delaying the introduction of his daughter until the time when her associations can have no effect upon her studies, and her mind shall have become more matured. *Those who have advised you, Sir, to delay so long the period of my daughter's commencing her intercourse with the world, and for that purpose to make Windsor her residence, appear not to have regarded the interruptions to her education which this arrangement occasions, both by the impossibility of obtaining the attendance of proper teachers, and the time unavoidably consumed in the frequent journies to town, which she must make, unless she is to be secluded from all intercourse even with your Royal Highness, and the rest of the Royal Family.* We have not the same views of the question, but see in the remark a trembling fear, on the part of the mother, of the influence of the Queen, and of her known dislike to the unfortunate writer. *To the same unfortunate counsels I ascribe a circumstance in every way so distressing both to my parental and religious feelings, that my daughter has never yet enjoyed the benefit of confirmation, although above a year older than the age at which all the other branches of the Royal Family have partaken of that solemnity. May I earnestly conjure you, Sir, to hear my entreaties upon this serious matter, even if you should listen to other advisers on things of less near concernment to the welfare of our child.* We must allow some apology for religious alarms, at the same time that we clearly see nothing in the Princess Charlotte's not having been yet confirmed, to excite fear or apprehension, and we believe the writer incorrect in the statement of the Royal Family. *The pain with which I*

have at length formed the resolution of addressing myself to your Royal Highness, is such as I should in vain attempt to express; if I could adequately describe it you might be enabled, Sir, to estimate the strength of the motives which have made me submit to it. They are the most powerful feelings of affection, and the deepest impressions of duty towards your Royal Highness, my beloved child, and the country, which I devoutly hope she may be preserved to govern, and to shew by a new example the liberal affection of a free and generous people, to a virtuous and constitutional monarch. I am, Sir, with profound respect, and an attachment which nothing can alter,

Your Royal Highness's

Most devoted and most affectionate

Consort, Cousin, and Subject,

(Signed)

CAROLINE LOUISA.

Montague House, Jan. 14th, 1815.

This letter, which has excited such deep sensations in the breast of the public, will be long remembered; it will live on record as the final exculpation of the fair writer from imputed guilt, until those whose business it is, and on whom suspicion hangs, come forward and vindicate themselves—A lively interest has been excited in favor of the young princess for her steady attachment to her mother under all her sufferings; she has risen in public estimation: this glowing instance of filial love, nurtured under restraints, and thriving beneath the cold gloom of jealousy, and dissatisfied and unwearied attempts at frosting it; has done more in securing for her the estimation of her future subjects than all the accomplishments she can be possessed of, or brilliant genius with which she may be endowed. We shall not descend upon a par with those miserable hirelings who are paid for threatening!—The letter, the letter, is our reply—it boldly challenges enquiry—it meets investigation, and calmly accuses some one of **SUBORNING TO PERJURY.**

Thanks to our forefathers, arbitrary governments have

ceased in this country, and it will be attended with the extreme of danger to attempt to re-establish them.

To those who ask why this letter was laid before the public, let it be answered—it was *twice* forwarded to the Regent, and *twice* returned unopened! it was a third time presented, and a *gracious* reply was given—*her husband has nothing to communicate to her in reply!!!*—What ought to have been the next step of a woman scorned, of a guiltless woman labouring under all the pains and penalties which her enemies could devise—acquitted of crime, yet punished, disgraced in the eyes of the public, and worst of all, in the eyes of her child—she sues to her husband, her natural protector—she implores redress, but is repulsed in silence—she sues—she throws herself at his feet, in the language of her letter—**BUT IN VAIN, HER HUSBAND IS NOT MOVED BY HER PRAYERS!!!**—goaded and heart-broken—disappointed there, where she had the most right to hope and to look for justice, she throws herself now upon the generous feelings of Englishmen, and they will listen to her wrongs!!! She is a foreigner, but recently domiciliated among us, and as such is entitled to that hospitable attention which is the characteristic of our country: we should be slow to judge, but let us examine into the case of this unhappy female; at least, as much as has been permitted to come before us, and putting her letter out of consideration, we should be bound, in the fairness of our character, to acquit her of criminality. With the following questions, we shall conclude our remarks, and challenging contradiction, shall confidently pronounce her **AN INNOCENT, BUT MUCH ABUSED WOMAN.**

1. Have not the present ministers surrounding the person of the Regent, set their names to a document purporting to be a minute of council, and which attests her **FULL and HONORABLE** acquittal?

2. Did not these very men, who were commissioners under a commission issued and directed by the king, *suggest* in a letter to his majesty, informing him of her honorable acquittal, **THE PROPRIETY OF ORDER.**

ING A CRIMINAL PROSECUTION AGAINST THE ACCUSERS OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, THEY THE COMMISSIONERS BEING CONVINCED THAT THE CHARGES AGAINST HER WERE UNFOUNDED, AND ORIGINATED SOLELY IN MALICIOUS OR MALIGNANT MOTIVES?

3. Did not the Princess of Wales with the assistance of the late Mr. Perceval prepare for publication all the proceedings against her in order to render her own vindication more complete, more public?

4. Was not the intended publication, "The Book," after the dispersion of a few copies, stopped by authority!!! and were not the copies so dispersed bought up out of the hands of persons who had obtained them, AT IMMENSE PRICES BY THE AGENTS OF CARLTON HOUSE!!!

5. Is it not a natural inference, that if *immense prices* were given for the suppression of this celebrated "Book," which was a complete vindication of the Princess of Wales, that it must have contained matter not creditable to Carlton House politics, and that its suppression was indispensable?

Fashionable Biography, No. III.

MEMOIRS OF THE EARL OF K——.

THE subject of the present memoir is not characterized by any peculiar trait, stamping him a fashionable novelty: he is made up of the usual ingredients and in the usual proportions; and perhaps had he been cast in a humbler sphere, might have moved through all the complex changes of this sublunary life, an honest plodding member! What a pity then an *honest* man should be spoiled for the sake of filling up the character of an *honorable* lord! But so it is, and many instances are furnished of human nature's being distorted, and tortured from its bent and bearing, similar to the one before us.

Whatever advances art may make in human im-

provement, nature is not willing to, and seldom gives up her empire ; she fixes her strong lineaments in the countenance, in the brain, in the person or the thing, and fastens there so strongly, it is not easy to dispossess her : thus you may make a *lord*, but if nature lends not her hand it will be difficult, indeed impossible to make him a *gentleman* ; it is not in art to accomplish it. Some are so born, so gaited with the clownish look and accent, the graceless listlessness and hindish lounge of obscure life, that every attempt to model them into better form, is but attended with discomfiture, and pain and suffering to the patient: of this class is the Earl of K——, although the son and heir of a peerage, his youth gave promise of no higher mental claims to rank or situation, than that of making a good farmer or respectable tradesman ; and had his education been limited to his capacity, and his veins gone no higher, we might probably have heard of him voting a *no popery* address, contracting for *biscuits*, or opposing the election of a *popular* member ; but as it is, it becomes our painful task to record him as a *man* of *fashion*, that is to say a man who rides the best horses, keeps a good stud, a comfortable house and mistress, who lives beyond his income, who never pays his debts, but when coerced by the needy creditor, who frequents the gaming-table, and who can boast of having debauched and driven more girls upon the town than any other competitor on the list of fashionable notoriety. Well, it is our duty, and we will comply with it. Vice stalks abroad with fancy's gayest plumes and leering look, virtue is endangered by her smiles, morality fades at her rapid advance : let us unmask her before the unwary ; let us hold her up to merited scorn and just aversion, that fathers who have children may not blush for the time, and with sorrow marked, and anxious eye tremble for their offspring.

Why should not men who roam indecorously without the pales of virtue, who publicly wanton in all the obscenities of vice, be held up to public reprobation, as the poor felon who surrenders his life to the aggrieved laws

not for the crime committed, but to *prevent* its being committed in future?—why should not they be held up, those fashionable locusts, who banquet upon vice, as fit objects for a community's detestation, and as warning to the rising youth, to lure them back to virtuous pursuits and honorable pleasures? The youth of the Earl of K—— was not distinguished by any acts deserving of censure, or any meriting the panegyric of praise: if his society was not particularly courted by his schoolmates, it was not shunned, and he glided through his studies without being much benefited by the application he had bestowed on them, or gaining the credit of possessing a common portion of talent; but he was the eldest son of the brother of the Earl of —— who looked forward soon to enjoy the title. At the age of eighteen we find him possessing a commission in the army, and residing in Ireland, in the favoured isle that gave him birth, and surrounded by the estates he looked forward to enjoy—we find him basking in the sunshine of Dublin, lounging in the principal streets in fashionable hours, and banquetting in all the vices of that luxurious city, then in the zenith of its greatness, occasionally resorting to the great metropolis, London, and progressively making advances in fashionable pursuits, to the great annoyance of his father, and the more orderly members of his family; but the time was not arrived when the title of Earl was to open a wider field to his pleasures, or to present a surer shield to shelter him from the scrutinizing animadversions of the vulgar; the star of nobility dwelt but an oblique ray upon him—it was the full blaze that was to call him into notoriety, that was to give to his pleasures their proper characteristic, and lull the loud voice of censure to repose. The first incident of any moment we find the memoirs of our hero arose out of a friendship subsisting between him and Captain F——, or at least a nominal friendship; they were relatives, and it was convenient to the Captain to be seen lolling upon the arm of the young heir. This intimacy obtained for him a knife and fork at the family table, and a bed when he thought proper to accept

it. Captain F—— was reckoned tolerably handsome, and had been successful in many gallantries, which gained a name for him among the vicious, and deprived him of the society of the scrupulously virtuous: however he was married, and it was presumed that that solemn contract, which bound him to an amiable and lovely woman, would operate to the amendment of his habits, and tend to domesticate and estrange him from the wild visions of unprincipled pleasures; but not so—F—— who knew no enjoyment but in variety, who wooed not the same form for a week together, was soon sated with the beauties of a tender and affectionate wife, whose virtues were not congenial with his roving wishes; he neglected her for the arms of ready wantons, whose lascivious wiles were necessary to stimulate his debauched appetite. At length his regiment being ordered to Ireland, he furnished a favourable pretext for leaving his wife behind, and followed it, where becoming intimately acquainted with the family of K——, and the bosom friend of our hero, he contrived to ingratiate himself into the good graces of the sister, and it is said stigmatized the character of his virtuous amiable wife, declaring that he was not married to her—suffice it that by the most subtle insinuations and the coldest devices of ingenious contrivance, protestations, &c. &c.: he too far succeeded with the unhappy girl, and she became his ruined dupe; the daughter was debauched under the hospitable roof of her father, that roof which had given asylum to the deceiver.—If in the catalogue of wrongs there is one greater than another, it surely is that of seduction under the circumstances which attended this affair; or in the number of vices of which the human heart is capable, if there is one for which, even death cannot atone, it surely is that of a *married* man seducing the sister of his *friend*, the daughter of his *host*, and perpetrating the crime under the hospitable roof which had opened its doors to relieve him, and which had introduced him into the bosom of a happy family. Captain F——, after the accomplishment of his unprincipled object, thought it desirable to change his

abode, and accordingly took apartments in one of the principal streets of Dublin; still continuing his intimacy with the family, and it is suspected his connection with his victim. At length the protuberant appearance of the lady excited a few alarms in his callous bosom, discovery trod upon his heel, and disgrace and danger threatened him alarmingly. F—— was no coward, if his notoriety as a duellist, and his readiness to accept a challenge, are circumstances to be considered as evincing bravery; but this was an affair of no ordinary delinquency, there was no apology could be offered in mitigation of its guilt, it threatened to close the door of society against him, for it was an act at which even guilt blushed. At length the parent, by the accident of finding a letter addressed by the fallen girl to her seducer, precipitated him at once into the knowledge of her ruin, and into the very depths of madness, grief and despair—his old heart was wrung with affliction, and roused to revenge, attended by our hero, he rushed to the lodgings of the captain—and in the confusion—the struggle—the conflict of that moment—the captain was shot at his breakfast.

A trial took place upon a charge of murder, but the father and son were both acquitted; and it is not our business to enquire into the merits of the case—if the pistol was discharged by the hand of the father, who shall say—why did you do it? or doubt its justice—the enormity of the crime demanded no milder retribution, and was it oftener thus visited, the remedy would rout out the evil; but if the son pulled the trigger and took away the life of a man for the seduction of a sister, we could not but exclaim with the scripture—let him that is guiltless cast the first stone; for he violates the law of God and man, who guilty of the same enormity, visits it upon another's head with punishment so severe, though merited so summary.

But to return more immediately to the subject of our memoirs. Let us view him as the Earl of K——; let us view him supporting those honours which by the death of his father devolved upon him, and employing

that splendid fortune which, unincumbered, he inherited. The anecdotes of his early life are neither characterised by spirit, novelty, or interest; there is not one would furnish subject matter for three lines, or would keep the reader awake over a pinch of snuff—they are dull and uninteresting, the very slovenries of debauchery and fashionable vapidty. A story is related of Lord K—— during the Irish rebellion wherein he discovered an *intrepidity* and a *foresight* not natural to an Irishman, but perfectly consonant with *Hudibrastic* rules—he was an officer of *spirit*, and talked *highly* before those unhappy rebels whose evil chance it was to fall into his hands—he shewed no *mercy* in visiting the crime of rebellion with its merited punishment—martial law in his hands paid with the penalty of blood the horrid crime of a people's fighting for their *freedom*!!! On the taking of a rebel's camp, Captain H——, a known loyal and meritorious officer, was captured in the rebel's uniform—this was a moment of triumph to Lord K——, who lost no opportunity of shewing off to advantage; and the suspicions which at that moment attached themselves to the Captain, weighing in the scale against him, gave a temporary influence to the beam in favour of the former; but the verdict of a court-martial *acquitted* the Captain of all the charges of rebellion. Evidence the most unequivocal, declared that he had been surprized and forced into the rebel service, and he was restored to the confidence and the social circle of his brother officers with undiminished lustre; but Lord K—— had made one or two boasts, one or two private charges which he could not *conveniently* retract, and which it was impossible for him to substantiate—thus interminable hostility commenced, but which for the present, however, did not break out into open violence.

Peace and good order being restored in Ireland, the parliament removed, and all the provisions of the Union being carried into effect, saving one, the promise on the part of ministers, of Catholic emancipation, Dublin no longer exhibited those gaieties for which she had been so long celebrated—her favourite streets were deserted—

her public walks were neglected, and grass grew between the flags before her parliament-house. Sir Jonah Barrington, in his History of the Union, says, "going into the parliament-house, shortly after the removal of the senators, what was my concern to find the body of the house converted into a cattle-stall, and the speaker's chair actually occupied by a *Black Ram*." The Earl of K—— was among the first of those emigrants who sought the luxuries of London in exchange for the declined luxuries of Dublin—he became a settler among us, and has worked his part in directing the taste of the town, acting upon a larger field, and associating with those whose principles assimilated with his own, he at length gained a notoriety which he had been long panting for. He is a husband, but the lady of his choice must reckon it among her misfortunes that he is so. He is a father, but his children know him not by those endearments which ought to unite them in the bonds of affection. It is not the feelings of a father, or the bond of matrimony, can stay him in his rapid approaches towards FIFTY from seduction, or he would recently have shewn more compunction in inveigling the niece of a milliner resident in Albemarle-street, from her home, and transporting her to his haram in ———. What! is the blood uncooled at FIFTY? Is it the hey-day of lasciviousness? Cannot he refrain from working upon the weak minds of uneducated girls, dazzling them with his wealth and rank, and sacrificing them to his lust? Must he seek the *girl* of sixteen for his victim? Is the recollection of Captain F—— obliterated from his memory, and dares he brave the punishment he assisted, or was present at inflicting. The celebrated Mrs. C——lle was some time his avowed mistress, and he had the credit of squandering four thousand a year upon her—if, indeed, it was creditable to him to neglect his family, exhaust his substance, and rob his children. This *saleable* lady, whose charms were ever offered to the highest purchaser, it appears did not limit her favours to her noble keeper, but participated them with a few of his lordship's *healthy*

tradesmen, particularly his fishmonger, his butcher, and her own shoemaker!!! At length, sated with her simpering, fatigued by the continued demands made upon his purse, and perplexed with a few jealous apprehensions, he resigned his prize, and sought in the novelty of continued change, to stimulate flagging debilitated passion, as drunkards fly to the bottle to correct the effects of intoxication. We shall take leave of his lordship by narrating the last anecdote of interest in his biography, and which consigned him to the shades of fashionable obscurity.—Having in a variety of quarters dwelt with rather too much freedom on the character and conduct of Captain H——, the latter, in a gentlemanly manner, demanded satisfaction for the abuse. Now it appears that his lordship was by no means wearied with the vortex of pleasures in which he was involved, and although in any other sense he had no objection to the meeting, yet it was not convenient for him to comply with the request. His rank, honours, and fortune, were too much to risk on a personal encounter with a rebel, and he declined. Captain H—— threatened to post him as a poltroon and a coward; but Lord K—— was immovable; he had made up his mind to the course of proceeding which his prudence dictated him to adopt, and he remained inflexible.

We did hear of a very severe horsewhipping which a certain peer endured at the hands of a military gentleman, and which horsewhipping took place in Baker-street North, in the public street at mid-day, in the presence of a lady; but we should suppose such a report must have been totally without foundation, mischievously circulated for the purpose of exciting speculation; however, we know not what connection it can possibly have with the present memoirs, so we dismiss it, and his lordship together.

THE PRINCE AND THE ACTRESS.

IN the early numbers of the *SCOURGE*, we took occasion to descant with appropriate severity on the hardy and profligate obtrusion of the illegitimate of the Duke of Clarence, into the society of legitimate rank and exalted virtue. We ventured to express our sorrow, that they should be distinguished at every courtly exhibition or festivity, by the peculiar marks of the prince's condescension; and be *forced* upon the notice and the intimacy of those, who viewed their destitution of shame with becoming abhorrence, by the weight of family patronage and of princely favor. We pointed out the impropriety of suffering the spurious offspring of an actress to rival and outelbow the legitimate descendants of the reigning family, and the impolicy of accustoming the people of England to overlook the distinction between legitimate and illegitimate birth, and to view the bastards of its princes, on a level with the heiress presumptive of the throne.

The sensation excited by the misfortunes of an elder member of the family, precluded the expression of the popular sentiment on the misconduct that we thus endeavoured to correct; and we might possibly have been discouraged into silence, on a subject in which so confined a proportion of the public was inclined to participate, had not the appearance of Mrs. Jordan in the *Wonder*, called forth the prowess of an auxiliary combatant in the *editor of the Times*. In the severe animadversions of that gentlemen, *as far as regards the conduct of the Duke*, we heartily concur, and feel excited by his example to dwell with a minuteness that could not be expected from a daily journalist, on the evil consequences that must arise from the public introduction, and the courtly protection of the bye-blows of Mrs. Jordan.

It does not appear that from the Prince's fetes, or at any other entertainments in which the Regent by the selection of his company might be supposed to indicate the bias of his attachments, that the Fitz-Clarences are less frequently admitted, or less courteously distin-

guished, than the legitimate relatives or sisters of the princely host. The —s of an actress, it appears, are received with the same attention as the sons and daughters of our sovereign; the offspring of honourable wedlock are eclipsed and rivalled by the issue of "misfortune;" and the wives and daughters of our bishops and our statesmen condemned to bow at a respectful distance in the circle of which the leading ornaments owe their existence to "frailty and error."

Were not compassion for the follies of the great, and a tender commiseration of their frailties, the present characteristics of our judges and our senators, we might substitute licentiousness for misfortune, and open and unrestrained indecency for frailty and error. We might then proceed to observe that the preference we have just described robs the legitimately great of comparative pre-eminence; that it gives energy to vice, and subdues the self-confidence of virtue; that it removes the distinction of rank, and accustoms the court and the public, to contemplate with indifference that first great safeguard of every established dynasty, legitimate descent. If the Princess Charlotte be supported on her right and her left by the children of Mrs. Jordan, what advantage with respect to character and moral estimation, has the heiress presumptive over the spurious issue of her uncle? The pride of hereditary virtue, and legitimate birth; the sense of moral rectitude and of the social proprieties of life; the ardour of virtuous emulation; the modest pride of virtuous birth and spotless purity of descent; the scrupulosity of manners, and the guarded limitation of domestic and public intercourse; all that in former periods ennobled the views, exalted the feelings, and refined the manners of a great and virtuous people, must fade away before the chilling influence of a court in which the favourite visitors are the "unfortunate" offspring of criminal intercourse.

But, it is exclaimed, would you visit the sins of the parents on the children, and debar the sons and daugh-

ters of the Duke of Clarence from the pleasures of life and of society, because their father may have been indiscreet and their mother unfortunate? We answer, No! - We would wish them to enjoy all the comforts and all the felicities of life; but are not sure that their happiness is best secured by their continual intrusion into circles, where, in spite of every exertion of princely influence, and the force of fashionable example, they cannot but witness the occasional sneer of legitimate rank, and be impressed with a consciousness of their own indelicate situation. We really think that it would be a question of very considerable doubt with a man of rank and family, whether he could accept a challenge from Captain Fitzclarence, except in his military capacity; and the young ladies must be aware that *indulgent* courtesy alone would save them from the lowest place at a country assembly. The modest and honourable exercise of their profession on the part of the sons, and the becoming seclusion from the gaze of multitudes in the retirement of a social circle, whom their virtues, and the influence of moderate fortune might attach to their persons and their interests, would be the best security for their future happiness, and the best atonement for parental indiscretion. In the revolutions of courts, the time may come when their presence will be discountenanced and their consanguinity forgotten; against the miseries of vain ambition, and the lingering regret that succeeds to disappointed expectation, it is now their duty and their interest to provide, by the cultivation of those manners and impressions that may cheer and adorn the many years of obscurity that inevitably await them. The time that is now devoted to the fleeting pleasures of balls and banquets, is not merely the source of future misery, but induces the neglect of present opportunities.

The intrigues and debaucheries of the illegitimate descendants of the throne, have in all ages and empires been the prominent sources of intestine commotion; and though the constitution of England counteracts in a considerable degree, the full effect of courtly intrigue, it is

still a question of serious consideration to the lawful sons and relatives of the sovereign, whether by encouraging the familiarities of the young Fitz-Clarences with the various branches of the royal family, and with the nobility, they are promoting their future dignity and tranquillity. Against the moral conduct or character indeed of these unfortunate individuals nothing has been said; but by countenancing their public appearance, the court enlarges the circle of its own responsibility; and the possible errors and indiscretions of the children of Mrs. Jordan, may hereafter become the theme of reproach or ridicule, against the sovereign and his immediate relatives.

There is another question relating to this subject that involves in its solution the most serious consequences to the nation at large. After the death of their parents in what manner are the offspring of their illicit intercourse to be provided for? The revenue of the Duke of Clarence ceases with his life: it is well known that he has lived to the full extent of his income; Mrs. Jordan is compelled in the decline of life to have recourse to her original profession for subsistence; and where are the high bred sons and daughters of royalty, accustomed to all the splendour of dress, and to all the indulgences of princely luxury, to obtain the means of adequate support? If it be possible that the sons should be content with the earnings of their profession, what means are to be adopted as a provision for the daughters? A trifling income, if it could be obtained, would not serve them; and what will be the probable result of royal ideas, refined manners, and indigent resources? It cannot surely be expected that any individual would insult his sovereign or the country, by proposing in the council or the senate, that they should be supported at the public expence, and on what personal friend can they rely?

In *other* countries where corruption and intrigue are unfortunately prevalent, the usual mode of providing for the female offspring of courtly indiscretion is by marrying them to the younger sons of reduced but noble families, and conferring upon their husbands the most lucrative

situations in the church, the army, or the state. We may learn from the British peerage that even in England bastardy has been enriched and ennobled, and many of the great and noble persons by whom the Fitz-Clarences are received with such distinguished condescension reflect no doubt, in the genuine spirit of philosophy, on the baseness of their own descent. It is to be hoped, however, that in this instance, neither the policy of a Louis the Fifteenth, nor the caprice of a Charles the Second, will be pursued or imitated; but that the persons whose future prospects, and present reception are the subjects of the preceding animadversions, will be suffered to take their chance among the other bye-blows of the day: to depend for support on the prudence of their parents, and their own management and fortitude, and for their distinction in society on their personal virtues. P. P.

MILLINERS, NURSES, AND FIGURANTES.

SIR,

THE chastity and modesty of the English fair have hitherto been the theme of admiration to strangers, and of self-congratulation to ourselves; and it is still to be hoped that notwithstanding the comparative corruption of our manners, we may yet dare to challenge the scrutiny of the nations that surround us. The middle classes of society; the wives and daughters of professional men; the families of individuals of respectable connections but moderate income; and the fair inhabitants of our provinces, who pass their lives in a security unknown to the vitiated society of the metropolis, are yet so far removed from the approaches of corruption, as to render the occasional examples of their frailty the sources of individual grief rather than of general alarm. But there are, in this extensive and inhospitable capital, a numerous class of females, who, with attractive manners, a decent education, and respectable, but reduced relatives; can merely preserve themselves from absolute indigence by resorting to some honest, but laborious occupation for support. Of these, the greater number have recourse to the needle:

a considerable proportion obtain situations in the families of our nobility, as nursery-maids; and a few, who find themselves unequal to any other department of dramatic exertion, or who are sent into the world beneath the auspices of their parents, become, after a long preliminary probation, columbines and *figurantes*. On the condition of all these classes, Mr. Editor, and on the dangers to which they are exposed by the treachery of their own sex, or the wickedness of others, I shall take the liberty of indulging in a few hasty, but, I trust, not inaccurate or useless observations.

Till the ingenuity of a discarded servant established towards the middle of the last century, those receptacles of vice and those media of intrigue, the Register Offices, a young woman of reduced circumstances but honest friends, might have attained a safe asylum from the storms of life in the service of our *genuine* nobility, or in respectable and domestic families of fortune. Nor do I believe that the public register offices, as they are now established, at all contribute to the purposes of licentious intrigue. But you must be aware, Mr. Editor, that near every square at the west end of the town, there are private register offices, conducted by discarded housekeepers and superannuated mistresses, where profligacy may obtain the intelligence requisite to its designs, and the unlucky female who has committed a *faux pas* may either be ushered with a character into a respectable family, or into the mansion of some nobleman, whose son is rich, handsome and amorous.

The matrons who preside over these houses of intelligence have a variety of objects in view, all of which they have pursued for many years, to the perfect satisfaction of their customers. The first of these is to inform any young lord or gentleman of fortune what young creatures are out of place and in distress, or wish to change their present situation. The second, to secure the reception of any young woman into a family with the juvenile branch or branches of which they have previously established a good understanding, in which it is likely that the son may be seduced, or where he has already stipulated for

a "wench," and takes upon himself the task of corruption. Young women of virtuous habits are introduced into the house of the parent, that the son may try his seductive powers: too frequently he succeeds, and deserts the female he has ruined; she herself has grown wise by experience; applies to the office that first betrayed her into the arms of vice, and is introduced to a situation, where she, in her turn, may exercise her talents for blandishment and intrigue. It is thus that one third of the females who enter into families where the sons are arrived at maturity, are betrayed and undone, and that many a careful matron and virtuous maid, reposes her confidence in the *chère amie* of a son or a brother.

The danger of contamination to a young female engaged at certain theatres, as a dancer is still less easily evaded. Girls of fourteen and fifteen, alive to every ardent passion, with minds unformed, and principles far from confirmed, are reduced to depend for much of their personal comfort and professional success on the degree of favor that they obtain in the eyes of the ballet-master. To the excitement of interest, are added all the temptations of opportunity, and all the preliminaries of seduction, afforded by the peculiar licence allowed him in his professional capacity. To mould the limbs of his pupil, to be ambiguously free, so that she half suspects his designs, yet dare not resent them, are privileges that have long been allowed to every theatrical dancing-master. In our two great national theatres, the natural manliness and caution of the English people may have overcome the operation of seductive opportunity; but if I am not grossly misinformed, there have been dramatic establishments, at which either actual submission to the lust of the ballet-master, or a promise of compliance as soon as circumstances will permit, was an indispensable preliminary to a trial or engagement; and it affords a singular proof of the chaste scrupulosity of the attendants on the ballet, that the stage was always respectably and numerously occupied!

But by far the greater number of females endeavour to

obtain a scanty livelihood as milliners or dress-makers. How difficult it must be for a young female of decent education or connections, to escape uncontaminated by evil example, and licentious conversation in a business that admits in the usual mode of conducting it, every variety of promiscuous intercourse, it would be needless to explain. It is to be feared, therefore, that among the great majority of young women, who pursue the exercise of this occupation in its middle and lowest state, few can boast of virtue^d of thought, whatever may be their claims to personal purity. Our streets indeed, are filled with the refuse of the shops; and such are the scanty rewards of female industry, that the most assiduous in humble life, are at last tempted to resort to some other than the regular means of satisfying the cravings of hunger, and replenishing their wardrobe. The more fortunate of that part of the sex who must, as they advance to womanhood, obtain their subsistence by their own exertions; those who have friends or relatives able to advance a premium and secure them a protection beneath the roof of a mistress, might be expected to enjoy situations of less temptation and more security; but lust and avarice lay in wait even for these innocent and unsuspecting victims. Cajoled by pretended milliners and dress-makers, who, with the appearance of a respectable shop, or house, and much decorum of manner, unite a perfect knowledge of the town, they are received into the abode of future infamy, and introduced with a proper appearance of ceremonious propriety to the visitors of her worthy mistress. Among these is a nobleman, a nabob, or a gentleman of considerable expectations. If the lady of the house be satisfied that the visitor is a man of honour, that he ardently loves his adorable Fanny, or Eliza, and that there is no impropriety in accepting his invitation to the play; why should the happy fair one feel or affect superior scrupulosity? The cause of love and gallantry prevails; the young miss either half complies with the "captain" or the "gentleman's" wishes in a bagnio, to which she has been unwillingly decoyed, and of course

remains after her ruin an established inmate of her mistress's nunnery, or actually elopes; in which case the premium paid on her entrance becomes the property of the concern, and the fugitive fair one gives way to another object of similar seduction.

The history has just come to my knowledge of a person assuming the name of C——s W——, and stating himself to be a lieutenant in a regiment of dragoons, who contrived under this fictitious rank and name, to obtain admission to the house of a notorious milliner at the west end of the town; to seduce a young girl of good family, and to borrow considerable sums with which he has lately disappeared: deserting the victim of his lust, and borrowing her wardrobe to defray the expences of his flight. The proprietors of the Cannon Coffee-house have reason to remember him.

With these facts before us, Sir, and with the melancholy evidence that some correction of the evils that I have thus developed, is essentially necessary, I beg leave to call the attention of the legislature to that portion of the miseries of human life that it remains in its power to mitigate or dissipate. To stem the torrent of public corruption would be impossible, but even the general morals might be ameliorated or improved by some legislative enactment, contributing to extend the range of female utility, and to do away with the rivalry of the opposite sex. At any rate, there are two restrictive measures of which the effect would be extremely beneficial, and productive of little inconvenience. One of these would be the prevention of immorality by subjecting the crime of seduction under particular circumstances to exemplary punishment; and the other the prevention of any individual from establishing herself in the business of a milliner or a dress-maker before she has obtained a license from a magistrate.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

INVESTIGATOR.

RETROSPECTION; OR, HINTS TO A NOTTINGHAM-SHIRE PARSON MAGISTRATE.

“ Examine thy heart, call remembrance to thy aid ; and if in any of these things, thou findest thou hast transgressed, take sorrow and shame to thyself, and make speedy reparation to the utmost of thy power.”

DODSLEY.

THE commencement of a new year seems to be the most rational period for retrospection, for examining the past, appreciating the present, and determining upon the future. The recent labours of the SCOURGE towards awaking to sense of propriety, the clergy of the established church of England, I propose as forming the fore-ground of my present essay. Many worthless characters have been dragged forth, and held up to public execration ; numerous flagrant practises have been exposed—the perjured *orthodox commissioner*—the arrogant, vindictive *clerical magistrate*—the shameless *ecclesiastical gambler*—the public and private *priestly drunkard*—and last, though not the least, the mean, the servile, the spaniel-like *flatterer* of his grace or the squire, have in their turn excited either the abhorrence, the contempt, or the laughter of their neighbours—the good, the conscientious minister, for there really are such a description to be found, *rara avis in terris*, have been deservedly applauded ; but the grand point is, what has been gained ? What effect has the operation of the lash produced ? Are there tokens of amendment in that body ? I answer, in this part of the county of Nottingham there are not, at least outward and visible ones ; except, perhaps, in a solitary instance, such as a farmer parson’s not repeating his aggressions on private feeling, since he was indisputably proved to be the property of the public, not its supercilious master, its domineering lord. Apropos—of the

relative situations of master and parishioner—Did the idea ever strike the heaven-born minister, when he was strengthening his apostate phalanx, by pressing into his service the whole tribe of Levi, holding out the ensigns of magistracy in the one hand, and pointing contemptuously to the people with the other: did he, I repeat, ever once think on the impropriety, the incongruity, the downright manifest absurdity of advancing to the bench the servant of a parish? Can it be conceived for a single moment that *their* hand of power can operate by any means, but its own density! Is it not even laughable to view the vast importance, the pompous assumption, the dogmatical countenances of these ——— when it is perfectly known, aye, publicly notorious, that the lay magistracy look down upon them with the most supreme contempt. The simulation or dissimulation of the times, it is true, produces the apparently cordial shake of the hand, the bow and smile of courtesy, and not unfrequently admission to their tables; but when the cloth and the parson are withdrawn, what succeeds, derision and the most pointed sarcasm: and how should it be otherwise than so, on considering that a clerical magistrate may be the one hour thundering out, “I’ll commit you” to a tradesman; and the next be peremptorily called upon to bury a chimney-sweeper? There are many reasons, many potent reasons, some of which perhaps I may touch upon before I close this article, why the clergy ought not to be in possession of temporal authority. Foremost on the list may not be improperly exhibited, the paralyzers of industry, the check to agriculture, the bane of the landed-interest, TITHES. Not that I am in the least disposed to dispute their legal title to the emoluments derived therefrom; but yet it appears somewhat like common sense run mad, to vest the proprietary and arbitership in the same person; many things are, in themselves perfectly innocent, which by the mode of application become unpleasant and irksome in the extreme. A cir-

cumstance took place very lately in this neighbourhood, which if not indirectly illegal, was directly uncivil, to give it no harsher an epithet. Taking a morning's walk in the middle of November, my attention was struck by the very uncouth appearance of what had been a most beautiful close of seeds, it was mangled and intersected by the pressure of narrow wheels, on a surface overcharged with moisture in the most hideous manner. Knowing the occupier to rank high as a manager, I was busied in reflection on the inconsistency of some people, who plumed themselves much on practical ability, when the farmer made his appearance on the opposite side of the hedge. After the usual salutations, I presumed to enquire what was the cause of the circles at about twenty yards distance down each land entirely divested of herbage, and also the reason for tearing to pieces such a very promising crop? Have you had the fairies in' convocation assembled, amusing themselves in a midnight cotillion? "No—no," replied he, "this is not the effect of the frisking of those merry-heeled imps; if it is to be attributed to the operations of any elf at all, it must come under the denomination of a deed of an imp of darkness. You must know that this close, as well as a great part of my farm, is subject to tithe. A parson magistrate in the neighbourhood this year is the renter, and I having been at the expence of setting up three waggons with broad wheels for the express purpose of preserving the land, and at the same time having imbibed the idea that every tithe-gatherer should, in justice, if the season was wet, use the same species of carriage as the occupier, I took the liberty of intimating by message to this worthy personage, looking upon him as a farmer in this case, that I could much wish him to use broad wheels upon these seeds if the rainy weather continued; and at the same time offered to lend him waggons if he had none of his own of that description, but no—a request of that nature did not appear palatable to his worship,

for after suffering the tithe to remain on the ground untouched until it had smothered all the seeds under the cocks, which is the cause of your supposed fairy-rings, though for any thing I know to the contrary the greater part of it might have been removed a month sooner, narrow wheels were at length used, which from their unusual weight of the loads, have mangled the land in the shameful manner you now notice: nay, to aggravate the injury, his servants fetched the greatest part of a load from a close which was not seeded, and came into a seed close to finish, although the barley was as wet as manure, and I am certain," says the farmer, " would only be fit to throw down in the yard for the swine when got home. Furthermore, I left a temporary bridge as an accommodation of road to one close nearer than the usual one by half a mile, and when the wet weather set in, the ditch overflowed in consequence of that bridge, and washed away a quantity of soil which drove down a new fence, and you see how I am requited. I was in hopes," continued the farmer, " his worship was not privy to these proceedings, and that such unwarrantable acts were the heedless doings of his servants: as such I requested Dr. H. to lay the same before him, hoping he would make some recompence; but as not the least notice has been taken, it is not difficult to judge unto whom the whole is ascribable:" so much for the axiom perpetually in their mouths, ' Do unto all men,' &c. &c. &c. To sum up the whole, it is my real opinion, as the close is laid down for grass, the effect will be visible for twenty years, and remain an incontrovertible monument of " By their fruits shall ye know them." Thus concluded the farmer's narration, which, he declared, he could at any time and in any place, substantially avouch as truth. It is an established maxim in the common law of England that no man can use even his own property to the injury of his neighbour: whether a trespass was in this case committed, I leave to

legal heads, as also the construction of the statute of 43 Geo. 3, respecting a spiritual person's holding a farm, even under a bishop's licence, *for the convenience and accommodation of his household and hospitality ONLY.* Caution, though frequently branded as a cowardly virtue, has nevertheless its usefulness, in doubtful cases. Qui tam is a staunch terrier---tugs hard---bites keen---Beware! I must, for the present, only, close my observations on this subject, which I, perhaps, cannot finish more aptly than by enforcing the reader's attention to the motto at the head of this article.

Southwell, 10th Feb. 1813.

FLAGELLATOR.

☞ We recommend the inhabitants of Southwell to petition the Prince Regent to translate this magisterial divine to an Irish deanery. His industry to discover the Luddites, and to prevent all murderous instruments, especially *bullets*, falling into their possession, shone so conspicuous, that he even ransacked the chandler's shops in his neighbourhood of the children's *marbles*. Did the Essex divine do more when he cleared that county of a horde of gipsy depredators? No; yet a baronetage and an Irish deanery has been bestowed upon him for his services. Look forward, Parson B——, don't be crest-fallen—exercise thy magisterial power with *Vicour*!—study Burn's Justice---wrest the *publican* of his licence---and then the *Scourge* will be thy friend, and proclaim thy good deeds within the pale of Carlton House.

RESOURCES OF RUSSIA.

THE retreat of Bonaparte from Russia, and the destruction of his armies, while it has excited among the British people at large an exultation only equalled by that with which they regarded the victories of Lord Wellington, appears to be viewed by many of our political writers as the result of accidental causes, totally independent of the skill, the numbers, or the bravery of the Russians. By one essayist the disasters of Napoleon are ascribed exclusively to the conflagration of Moscow, and by another to the unexpected and premature inclemency of the weather; the Morning Chronicle, ashamed of its prediction that Russia would soon be condemned to ac-

cept the conditions of peace from her invader, triumphantly enquires of his readers how he was to foresee the destruction of the ancient capital? and even that strenuous advocate of ministerial policy, and of "vigorous" warfare, the editor of the Weekly Messenger, pronounces Russia to have been naturally inadequate to the expulsion of the invader, and ascribes her deliverance to the premature and providential setting-in of the winter.

These prepossessions, when sincere, are to be ascribed to an imperfect acquaintance with the internal policy, and the geography of the country, and to hasty calculations from the imperfect data presented in the course of casual and desultory reading. The great body of political essayists regard the empire of Russia as an extended wilderness, containing within a square of 1,200,000 miles a population not much greater than that of many states of limited circumference; and conclude that because the mass of the people is composed of boors, the slaves of despotic and degenerate masters, they are neither willing nor able to resist the invasion of a foreign enemy.

Admitting the truth of those statements that represent the state of the boors as subject to every description of insult and oppression; we are not authorised either from abstract reasoning or experience, to conclude that their power or their willingness to resist the progress of the invader, is enfeebled by their sense of bondage. Mr. Cobbett and his imitators are always ready to exclaim, "What are they fighting for? Give them something to fight for! Convince them that they have something of their own for which they are to sacrifice their lives and limbs!" But they who judge of political events with views so confined of the human character, are only fit for the shopboard or the counter. In all ages mankind have fought with enthusiasm, in wars decidedly and evidently injurious to their interests; have sacrificed all the blessings of ease, peace, and comfort, to the gratifica-

tion of superstitious zeal, or revengeful enthusiasm ; those who have envied their superiors for their wealth and honours, or detested them for their persecutions, have sacrificed their domestic resentments to their pious rage, or military ardour, and have fought with bravery beneath the selected banner of their oppressors. The crusades present a memorable history of human zeal and exertion when influenced only by religious frenzy, and unrestrained by the consideration of advantage, or the contemplation of danger ; the ignorant and barbarous vassals of the European monarchs and chieftains forsook their homes at the call of superstition, and beneath the military guidance of their former task-masters, contended in no unsuccessful warfare with a nation of warriors, elated with its former triumphs, in possession of the object of contention, and with all the advantages of regular discipline and uniform resources. The Russian boor does not calculate the degree of his resistance to the invader by a deliberate balance of profit or loss : if he fights not for his master, he fights at the exhortation of his spiritual instructor, against a foe whom former representations and recent experience have taught him to regard as the enemy of his religion : he fights for his emperor, for his habits and associations as a Russian, for the peaceful possession of his hut, and the undisturbed enjoyment of his frosty elysium.

The Russian boor, emancipated from his servile labours, and called into military action, becomes at once susceptible of all those feelings that attach the individual to his country, and ensure his prowess on the day of battle : he enters the ranks, not as in other countries compelled by superior power, or stimulated by pecuniary recompense, but with enthusiastic alacrity : the day on which he becomes a soldier is a day of pride and self-congratulation ; and he proceeds to his station as to a goal of happiness. Those arts of severity or of delusion, therefore, that are necessary to the supply of the army in other

countries are unknown in Russia : instead of the dupes of imposition and avarice, or the victims of despair, the country is defended by a host of ardent, yet disciplined warriors, proud of their subordination, and believing the name of soldier to embrace all that is great, enviable, and happy.

On the possible number of her soldiers, we shall not indulge in idle speculation, when a certain result may be obtained from existing documents. The first computation of the number of the Russian people was made by Peter the Great, in the year 1719, and the return was fourteen millions of both sexes, including the Ukraine, and the newly conquered countries of Estonia, Livonia, and part of Finland. So small a return, notwithstanding the considerable acquisition of territory, will not be surprising, when we reflect on the anarchy, and confusion; the cruel wars, and the other calamities, that in preceding ages had desolated the Russian empire.

By the second enumeration, in 1745, there appeared an increase of upwards of two millions, and by the third, in 1763, of four millions more. In the year 1781, when a fourth report was made, eight millions were gained; and the fifth and last *census*, which took place in 1794, by an accession of four millions, gave the total at thirty-two millions of inhabitants. About this time the annexation of Lithuania and Courland to the Russian crown, brought in five millions more, and increased the whole population to thirty-seven millions.

As no disastrous events have impeded the operation of natural causes, and as the tables presented annually to the synod, from all the parishes about the empire, of births, marriages and deaths, shew the regular increase of 500,000 for each year; we can without fear of error state the population of Russia up to the beginning of 1812, at forty-five millions and a half, or if we add the tract of country acquired from Poland, by the treaty of Tilsit, at forty-six millions.

This is a prodigious population, and only equalled by that of France, when swelled by the overflowing tribute of her conquests; but the population to be efficient must be in some degree commensurate with the territory: and a single glance at the geographical situation of Russia, is sufficient to shew how immensely the latter exceeds the former. The proportion of forty-six million souls to the stated number of geographical miles will be only one hundred and twenty-nine souls to each square mile; and when it is compared with the compression of the inhabitants in France and England, where a population of two thousand within one square mile is not uncommon, the apparent difference is considerable. It is in this point of view that those who declaim on the weakness of Russia have viewed her population. But they forget that no less than *three fourths* of her immense territory contain only one fifteenth part of her population, and that consequently fourteen fifteenths of her population are concentrated only on one-fourth of her territory. To the 258,000 square miles that Siberia contains, there are three millions of inhabitants, and to the 82,000 square miles of Russia in Europe, there remain forty-three millions, which is three millions more than one fourth of the estimated population of Europe. The thickest population of Russia is between 48° and 55° of latitude, and from 42° to 68° of longitude, comparatively on a small space, including the government of Moscow, Vladimir, Riazan, Kursk, Orlof, Charkof, Voronetch, Penza, Kazan, Tambof, Poltava, Tchernigof, Minsk, &c. some of which contain from 1300 to 2400 souls to each square mile, and bring Russia nearer to an equality with other powers than might at first sight have been imagined.

Nor are the pecuniary means so scanty in Russia, as to be inadequate to the exigencies of the moment. The following, says Mr. *Eustaphiere*, are the sources of the yearly revenue of Russia.

	Roubles.
Poll tax	52,000,000
Duties on Distilleries	25,000,000
Custom House duties	13,000,000
Produce of the Mines and the Mint	10,000,000
Stamp duties	8,000,000
Fisheries, mills, forests and post offices	6,000,000
The tribute of subjected nations	1,000,000
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Total	115,000,000

As this revenue is not dependant on the state of exchange, it must be calculated at par, and is therefore equal to 15,000,000*l.* sterling; and although it bears no comparison in amount with that of England, it is free, permanent, unincumbered with heavy interest on national debt, with all those resources untouched that in France and England are exhausted, and with ten times the productive powers in the market.

A century ago the military force of Russia amounted to 107,350 effective men. At the death of Peter, the country inherited from his genius and perseverance, a well appointed and disciplined army of 200,000 men. In 1771 it was considerably augmented, and from that time to 1794, it was increased to 312,785 men, and now it is not much less than 700,000 men. The following are its component parts.

REGULAR TROOPS.

	Rank and file.
1. Life Guards (horse) consisting of five regiments . . .	3,316
2. Life Guards (foot) six regiments	9,305
3. Field Cavalry, forty-six regiments	49,788
4. Field Infantry, 130 regiments	219,125
5. Garrisons, 19 regiments	70,884
6. Artillery	42,963
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	395,381
Officers	12,709
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Total, regulars,	408,090

	Brought forward	408,090
IRREGULARS.		
Different regiments of Calmucs, Tartars, Don Cossacks		98,211
Officers		2,189
		<hr/>
		100,400
Invalids, including officers		24,660
		<hr/>
	Grand Total	533,150

The provinces which were mentioned before as the most populous in the Russian empire, and which contain about fifteen millions of male population, by a new levy in 1806 of one in a hundred, furnished an additional number of 150,000 men, which makes the force of Russia immediately preceding the late campaign amount to 683,150 men; deducting 70,884 for garrisons, and 24,660 invalids, there remain 587,606 effective men, or 487,206 regulars, and 100,400 irregulars; a force sufficient when aided by local advantages to defy the efforts of the most formidable enemy.

Russia has not been drained like France by repeated levies, nor been compelled to raise her formidable armies by the sacrifice of domestic happiness, or of her agricultural and commercial interests. Besides the regular army (says Mr. Eustaphie) a militia was raised in 1806 of 600,000 men, who were already in motion, and in a condition to take the field. In consequence of the peace of Tilsit this force was dismissed, with the exception of those who wished to enlist in the regular army, and with the reservation of 200,000 men, for any future emergency. Stating her loss of men during the last campaign at 100,000 men (an ample estimate) her forces present a more formidable front than the armies of any European nation since the destruction of the Roman empire.

All the means of Russia are within herself; and were her pecuniary revenues inadequate to her necessities, she possesses within herself every resource of food, cloathing, and ammunition. In the years 1802, 1803, and 1804, there remained, after all the exports to foreign countries

and all the deductions for the distilleries, and for those provinces or governments that are unfavourably situated, and where annual harvests are not sufficient to maintain the inhabitants, an average surplus of corn for each year, amounting to about seven million tons, which if sold at the usual price would be productive of two hundred million roubles a year, nearly twice as much as the whole revenue of the empire.

With the magnitude of these resources before our eyes, and with the evidence afforded by the last campaign of the loyalty of the Russian nobility and clergy, and of the enthusiasm of the people, we have surely more certain and more satisfactory grounds of confidence in the ultimate safety of Russia, than the rigor of its climate. The prevalence of Gallic principles, and the facility of corruption, so hardily asserted by Dr. Clarke and his admirers; the imbecility and ignorance of the Russian generals; the unwillingness of the people to sacrifice their ease or their possessions to the resistance of the invader; the discontent excited by the burning of Moscow, and all the other opinions and assertions by which it was attempted to vilify the Russian character, and to destroy every latent hope of European independence, have been falsified by every subsequent event, and by the result of every later enquiry; and when we place our trust of effectual resistance to the dominion of France in a nation of which the generals are cautious without tardiness, and enterprising without rashness; the sovereign firm and determined, the nobles loyal, and the people inflamed by the zeal of patriotism; the resources extensive, and the armies brave, warlike, and numerous; our hopes and fears will not, like the political prophecies of the Morning Chronicle, vary with every change of the barometer.

TO THE READER.

The following burlesque prospectus we have received from a correspondent, whose favors have for some time contributed to the variety and interest of the SCOURGE. In giving it insertion, we feel ourselves peculiarly called upon for a declaration of our motives ; while we disclaim any connection with the author, and any views of our own of darting personal satire at our contemporaries, we are content with the success of our efforts ; with the public approbation which we long have and still continue to receive ; and while we do not *envy* our rivals, we are far from being desirous of detracting from their merits. The prospectus of the Blunderbuss seems to be a quill let loose at those venial and unlettered critics, *if any such there be*, who controuled by bad passions and false judgment, level indiscriminate censure and malignant sarcasm against every object that presents itself, unwillingly, to their reproof. We join with the author most cordially in his satire, and should be happy to hear that it had the effect of reforming such men and improving the condition of letters. The purposes for which the SCOURGE was established are before the public, they were to detect imposture—to expose imbecility, and to hunt out vice from her secret haunts—to separate the dross from the gold, that the latter might be more justly prized—by severe strictures to render the deformity of vice more evident, but never to slander, to vilify, or traduce the virtuous or the just—with such conscientious views we have given a ready insertion to the following poignant satire on reviewers and public writers, offering it as an illustration of our sentiments, and grateful to the writer for the ability he has displayed.—EDITOR.

PROSPECTUS

Of a new and highly interesting publication now preparing
for the press,

To be published Monthly, (price half-a-crown,)

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MONTHLY BLUNDERBUSS;

OR,

NEW SATIRICAL POP-GUN.

To be printed with a new and superior type, on a fine wire-wove paper; each Number will be adorned by a beautiful coloured caricature print done in Gilray's best manner, representing some great public character in a very ridiculous point of view, which must be necessarily highly *gratifying* to the world, and will tend materially to wound the feelings and damp the energies of our rising statesmen—public spirited, literary, and other men whose talents, patriotism, or virtues have thrust them forward as fit objects of malevolent censure or the venomous sting of satire.

Our motto will be—NO QUARTER!!!

LONDON:

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ROW, AND PUBLISHED BY CRABTREE CANKER, AT HIS
RESIDENCE, THE BLOATED TOAD, IN UPAS-LANE.

 PROSPECTUS.

THE great advantages to be derived from the publication of a work on our liberal and enlightened scale, are too many and too obvious to need any comment: therefore we shall content ourselves with simply stating that no pains or expence shall be spared in making this work amply deserving of public support. No eminent

character, however great his virtue, however high his station, shall escape our well directed lash: not like the coarser butcher will we do our work, but like the well skilled anatomist, complete master of his subject, fix deep the knife and cut and slash, but with cool judgment and deliberate skill. Our Blunderbuss will be well loaded, its slugs will be scattered indiscriminately all around; our neighbours had better get out of the way, for we can assure them it will prove no pop from a pellet-gun.

The life and soul of a prospectus is its repeated assurances as to its future good conduct, the very great liberality of the proprietors in its decorative department, a high sounding exordium on independence and public spirit; in short, a page or two of thundering epithets on the liberty of the press, ending in the magnanimous determination that the proprietors will rather sacrifice their lives, their fortunes, their all, even their very country (which many of them do in a transport—not of passion—not of rapture—but one bound to Botany Bay) to the preservation of the liberty of the press. We cannot but admire such pure, such genuine feelings of patriotism; and while we admire let us be heard to say we are prepared, nay, determined to follow them!—follow them? ay—but we must confess we are averse to the *transport*. We are determined to support the liberty of the press, i. e. to satirize, to libel, to wound the peace of hitherto happy individuals, to divulge family secrets, to distort family occurrences, to wilfully misrepresent, to traduce, to blacken, to vilify, to hold up to public scorn, abhorrence, and contempt, characters hitherto unimpeached, and all this we'll do for the gratification of a liberal and enlightened people, who well know how to appreciate such persevering industry and to reward it.—Oh how our book will sell!! But let us, in this place except as is always excepted, we shall be at all times particularly observant of our promise, and keep it with the strictest precision, unless it should by chance be crossed (which God send and often) by the promise of Mr. Henry Hase, which promise all the world knows must not be broken.

These are our views and sentiments, and if ever we felt peculiarly gratified by any pledge we have ever made we feel it now, for we are above the world's censure, we *lash* the world and for its own amusement. Delightful task, with what rapture shall we pursue it, we feel already on an eminence pointing our Blunderbuss—we pull the trigger—bomb—the scattering shots fly—the terrified multitude seek to conceal themselves; but we'll unmask them to the great confusion of themselves, chagrin and disappointment of their friends, and what amply pays for all, to the joy, to the unbounded joy of the town. Oh who is there will not envy us with our pen “dipped in gall?” Ye church-going souls, ye too shall enjoy your laugh; for we'll unmask these tyrants of the cassock, we'll strip and expose them in their native deformity; your eyes shall be no longer hoodwinked by the vulgar prejudice of still existing monkism, nor shall your pockets be drained by their odious tythes, their church collections, their Easter offerings, Whitsun gifts, &c. No, the lash of satire will here be well applied, and we will use it freely.

We are determined to do away all order, the innocent recreations of the sabbath shall and ought to be indulged in—it is the beggar's holiday, it is the seventh day, the day set apart for rest or amusement. We would have the theatres and all places of public amusement thrown open for the public—and scandal clubs established in districts—as well as the amusements of Bagnigge Wells, the Dog and Duck, the Adam and Eve, the more genteel places of resort, such as White Conduit House, the Belvidere, Copenhagen, &c. &c. We would have E-O and faro tables established, a donkey race in Hyde Park, a bull-bait in St. James's, &c. &c. By the bye, a bull-bait is a standing bullet in our Monthly Blunderbuss. Is it fit that free men and citizens should listen to the subtle cant of designing churchmen, that their pleasures should be broke in upon, and their Sunday comforts destroyed by such ridiculous things as societies for the Suppression of Vice, &c.? We only re-

gret that we were not the first who hurled the stone to the reduction of clerical power ; but so paltry a passion as envy shall not pervade our honest breast, we will not withhold the meed of merit, it is due to that patriotic and manly print " the National Register," and that light of heaven, that first ! that best !! that most magnanimous of reviews !!! the " Monthly Meteor."

" Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free,"

ADDISON.

" Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat,"

JOHNSON.

To illustrate the above lines of Addison and Johnson in ourselves, and to prove that we are free men acting for the public good, that party motives or private piques do not at all influence our conduct, it becomes necessary to say something more particularly concerning ourselves. Praying that we may not be charged with egotism, we commence our little narrative which we trust will not be found altogether uninteresting, and we are confident will not fail in the proof, of our being public spirited, free and independent men ! The reason why we conceal our names requires no answer, ever since we were boys we have had an uncommon aversion to the shake of a horsewhip—there is no accounting for these little prejudices, and at present we feel no very great inclination to run the risk of vapulation ; all that we shall conceal will be our names for the reason above assigned, every other point will be clearly revealed.

THE EDITOR

is a gentleman possessing many amiable qualities, of considerable literary talent and of great notoriety ; like the great Howard he has *visited* almost every prison in the kingdom, and was equally dissatisfied with them all ; it will most probably be observed that he must be very difficult to please, but it is exactly otherwise—he differs with the system, he's a sturdy stickler for the *liberty* of the subject, and thinks it a most grievous thing that so

many *active citizens* as are confined within our prisons, should be prevented from following their usual avocations. The opportunities he has had of inspecting the interior of our great prisons have been many : he has repeatedly at the request of the judge on the bench, been induced to indulge in retirement ; partial to mural pursuits, he has upon several such occasions sojourned at one of our gaols for two or three years ; it was during those intervals of relaxation he formed his opinions, and we are bound to confess that when a British subject is liable to these restraints there can be no such thing as genuine liberty.

No man assuredly is better calculated to treat on this subject than the editor, and the public may depend upon his availing himself of every occasion to complain loudly of this wanton infringement of the liberties of his fellow subjects—no Mainwaring, no Aris, will be his shout, no Cold Bath Fields, no justices, no jailers, no laws. Nothing but liberty and liberty boys for ever, huzza !—How the welcome shout resounds, I see it glads every heart, thousands join in the cheerful chorus. “Vive la liberte !” was the cry of the French under Robespierre—Oh that we had a Robespierre. Horne Tooke is dead, melancholy fact, we sincerely hoped he never would have died in his bed—“Apply the axe to the root,” cried he, charming expression ! what a pity that such a man should not have followed the daring gallantry of a Despard— and, failing in his schemes die gloriously on the scaffold, the terror of his enemies, the idol of his friends. How many thousands would have been glad to have shared the fate of the great man, that veteran jacobin !

Our editor once held a very elevated post which he supported much to the satisfaction of the parties concerned. He stood in the pillory on Snow-hill ! a malevolent brickbatt from the hands of an enemy to liberty was the author of a trifling wound on the side of his head ; but the mind of this truly great man rising superior to such petty circumstances, he was never heard to recur to the event, and though I have heard that his survey of

London on that occasion, was truly excellent, yet to his most intimate brothers of the quill, he has never communicated one single thought.—We hope we shall be able to prevail upon him to write his life in some of our numbers—it would be a most valuable piece of biography, and will be read of course with great avidity by all the world. Generous man! while under misfortunes, the happiness of his fellow prisoners was the thing nearest to his heart; to relieve the monotony of confinement, to contribute to their cheerfulness was a darling object with him, and being a great poetic genius, he wrote and sung a variety of liberty and love songs, full of *delicate* and *chaste* expressions much to their entertainment and erudition. His notions of freedom were at the same time so genuine, so pure, that he could not bear the idea of their considering themselves under any obligations to him—to obviate this he raised a small contribution of a *halfpenny* a piece upon their purses—not from any motive of emolument—but—to do away the obligation—there are persons we know will be uncharitable enough to call him a *ballad singer*. But they little know the mind of this great man, who can for a moment suppose such a sarcasm could have any effect in injuring his feelings. His strict attention to the pressing requests of the judges, has been productive of a convulsive jerk of the head, but this rather adds to than diminishes his many personal attractions: as an orator, he stands unrivalled, so much coolness—so much argument—so much eloquence—who has not heard, and wondered, when he spoke?

Every thing connected with the politics of the country will be committed to the care of this enlightened gentleman, and the public may depend upon his handling the subject in his own way, two sides of the question will never be considered. The proprietors harbour little doubt, but the list of their subscribers will very soon be enriched by the learned names of Sir Francis Burdett, bart. Colonel Bosville, Major Cartwright, &c. &c. &c. We can afford no better proof than this of the soundness of our politics. We shall tell the public very briefly “there’s

something rotten in the state of Denmark"—lopping off branches will not do—"apply the axe to the root" said Tooke; but Guy Faukes had a better notion of these things—he invented the gunpowder plot.

But to return to our editor: we think after what we have said, the public will readily concur with us in opinion that his department could not be assigned to better hands; but to obviate the possibility of a doubt on that head, we shall subjoin a specimen of his talents, and at once prove that this great public luminary is equal to any thing. "When we consider the present alarming state of our country; when we consider that we have lost every continental ally; when we consider the growing influence of Buonaparte—what must be the actual sensations of the people!—where is the balance of power we have so long talked of?—where is the security of our possessions abroad?—where our confidence in our government at home? *O tempora, O mores!* How are we reduced! No longer conquering Britain, whose fleets were stretched over the ocean—whose arms in different quarters of the globe were ever pre-eminent—but sunk, degraded, lost, dwindled to a nation of shop-keepers, to paltry retailers of treacle, sand, hearth-stone, needles and buttons. For shame, Britons arouse, shut up your shops—rally round the standard of liberty, emulate the heroic deeds of your fore-fathers, when fighting for Magna Charta, prove that you are worthy of those sires from whom you sprung, those patriot bands that wrung from King John the Bill of Rights—fight and become free-men; none but slaves should retail buttons, sand and treacle. Oh, my countrymen, what a lamentable picture presents itself to my eyes, when I turn towards the state.—The —— is no better than an infirm old woman—your House of Lords is quarrelling for precedence and place—your House of Commons for its share in the general plunder.* Shall these abuses exist?—No! Shall

* "The watch-word of one party is the best of kings, the watch-word of the other is the best of patriots." Vide Sir F. Burdett's address to the electors of Westminster.

places and pensions be paid out of the slender pittance of the poor? No! no! Shall we as Britons surrender our rights to an arbitrary power that would enslave us? I say no! no!! no!!! Oh, fellow citizens, your throne is supported by corruption, and surrounded by venal wretches, whose object is to buy and sell you, and make you as much the article of commerce, as the goods you deal in!* Shut up your shops, and resist the encroachments of government, or I will tell you that the country is not worth saving. Resist the payment of your taxes. There are arms enough in the Tower, and money enough in the Bank to satisfy US all!!! The limits of our Prospectus obliges us to cut short our specimen in this place, but we shall hope that every thinking man has read enough to satisfy him of the ardent wishes and true principles of our political luminary, who is to undertake this department: we close this article by declaring it our firm conviction, that if the humbling of eminent men be to satirize, Buonaparte and Mons. Talleyrand are the two greatest satirists in Europe.

THE REVIEWER

is a gentleman possessing every requisite for his office; like a butcher's dog, he's always upon the snare; like Sir Vicary Gibbs, he looks as though he had just swallowed a quart of vinegar: his eyes are remarkably small, but remarkably penetrating; his nose rather Roman, bears an agreeable resemblance to a large carbuncled cucumber that has been steeped for a week in salt and water; of rather short stature, the deficiency of height nature seems most unaccountably to have forgot to have made up in breadth—however, the mind is perfect. His father was a milk-man, and learnt to write upon a tally; our genius scorned the cellar, and was put apprentice to a butter-shop; here it was those bright rays burst forth that have shone so conspicuous since; 'twas here he first astonished his master the cheeseman, by labored impromptus, love son-

* See Horne Tooke's Appeal to the Westminster electors.

nets, and occasional verses. Scarce a pat of butter went from the shop, that was not wrapped up in our young Pope's enigmas or acrostics. So envious was our churlish cheeseman of the qualities he discovered, that a difference of opinion having taken place, and a deficiency in the till being placed to account of our young poet: his father interfered—took him away, and eventually discovering his extraordinary genius—determined that he should become a man of letters, so procured for him the place of twopenny postman. The trifling circumstance of a letter being lost containing money, *induced* him soon to quit his employment, but fortune still smiled.

We view him next a schoolmaster in a small village near to the metropolis—the public will readily perceive the great versatility of talent of our inestimable reviewer. His school was uncommonly well attended, and for more than two years, what he could not drive into the head he was eternally whipping in at the tail. One would think that learning is like hob-nails, when the schoolmaster is compelled to *hammer* it in. Another trifling circumstance occurred; an impertinent wag, the father of one of those indolent dogs his scholars—smoking the old one as they term it, put this idle question to our schoolmaster, than whom by the bye, there certainly cannot be a better arithmetician—"If a herring and a half cost three halfpence, what will twelve cost?"—it puzzled him—a herring and half cost three-halfpence, he cried—why it would have puzzled Martin Clare had the question been put to him in the manner this was. Our reviewer got into a passion; the more he raved, the more he got entangled; the event was he could not tell without reducing it to figures, and he was not in a state of mind at that moment to compose himself to study. A mischievous urchin solved the question, which rendered our schoolmaster more furious—and he was flogged for his presumption as he very richly deserved.

Is there any person malevolent enough to suppose that he would have found any difficulty in answering the question had it been put to him in a proper manner—if

there is, malevolent indeed must he be, for our school-master had been in the habit for years of writing poetry, and we can aver, he never wrote a single line without *counting* the number of feet with his fingers. Weary of the dull drudgery of a school, he quitted it, and taking lodgings in a retired court in Fleet-street, gaily commenced his literary career. He wrote a play—it was damned—he was lashed by the critics. He wrote a novel—the critics said he did not understand grammar. He wrote another novel and found purchasers in the trunk-makers. With every thing he wrote, proofs multiplied of the venality of reviewers—he found them a set of envious men, possessing no talent themselves, and decrying it in others. His soul mortified by Grub-street canker-worms, he abandoned the producing of plays or novels, and stuck to writing cases for quacks, which situation he held for several years with great credit to himself and his employers. We met him at the Chapter Coffee House, he was sitting in a box by himself, his eyes were fixed on the ground in all the modesty of merit. We accosted him—we found him the true son of genius—we engaged with him—nothing could have happened more opportunely—we were in want of a Reviewer, and to have met with such a man was more than our ambitious hopes ever soared to. We have it in contemplation to publish an *ANNUAL REVIEW*.—Authors and the public may depend upon a strict enquiry into the merits and defects of every new publication. The gentleman who undertakes this department having long ago had no reputation to lose, which is a very fortunate circumstance, as it will induce him to speak more freely upon the works of others; and he has so long suffered from the lash of criticism that he will not fail to apply it well now he carries it in his own hand.

THE SATIRIST.

Let us pause awhile to consider with due admiration this satiric phenomenon. He must have been born under a malignant planet as full of venom as sarcasm. Fancy to yourself the figure of a man, tall and wan, his cheek-

bones cloathed with a sallow shrivelled skin, indicative of the poison that rages within; the corners of his mouth drawn up in sneering contortion; the hollow eye bent upon you in fixed malice; he sleeps upon a bed of nettles to fret his mind into fresh malignancy; he drinks the juice of hemlock, that his soul may be full of bitterness. Have you ever seen Sir Vicary Gibbs nonsuited?—have you ever seen —-? in short, if you have—you have never seen a being more pregnant with all those requisites to form a man of cold-blooded sarcasm, whose head, whose heart, whose eye, whose tongue joins more in unison in the deliberate act of murdering men's minds. He can twist and torture, wilfully misrepresent, say and unsay, and all to the intent of doing mischief. His lips are parched with the venom of envy, the unwholesome moisture his cold heart sends forth to their relief is deadly as the saliva of that serpent whose breath blasts foliage up, and whose wrinkling folds desarts those fertile wilds of America over which its body passes: from such a man, the unthinking part of the world would turn away with dread, but unfortunately for us and for himself he is thoroughly harmless. This gentleman's success has been so great in the line in which he walks, that he has been kicked out of every society east and west of Temple-bar; we speak to matter of fact not of speculation, and he richly deserved it; he has not risen in the world, for he was born in a garret.

Reader, deceive not yourself, by mistaking what we have written for irony; we have thought it necessary to give you the true characters of the men engaged to conduct the several departments of the Blunderbuss, at least the three principal: we declare there are no men more capable of the duty allotted to them; and we defy the most cunning bookseller, to produce THREE that will excel them. We value the satirical Meteor very much; but the Blunderbuss is a desideratum in literature, "devoutly to be wished;" we are not such marksmen as that Irish gentleman, who snuffs his candle by the discharge of a pistol bullet—and let us hope for

the sake of parties concerned, that we may only scare, and not "put out the rushlight."

The printer and publisher will stand in due time before the public, of them we have nothing to remark, but that they promise fairly, and will of course publish regularly.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MR. SCOURGE,

THE following Hudibrastic ballad has been handed about in the fashionable circles, and it is right that you should have a copy, to serve as an illustration of the portraits which you presented the public with in your last number, of the principal characters in the poem.

Your sincere friend,
CHARLOTTE SCRATCHPOLE.

Gloucester Place.

THE PRINCE AND THE COLONEL.

A BALLAD.

TUNE.—*Chevy Chase.*

I sing the praises of a prince
A duke of mighty fame,
Not Sawney Bean, nor Johnny Catch
Can rival him, in fame.

And also of a Colonel bold,
Of birth and education,
As any chairman, in the land,
Or link-boy, in the nation.

The Colonel nobly was brought up,
In virtue's purest ways,
For his youth was past, as the footboy smart,
Of gentle Charlotte Hayes.

And Charlotte kept a house well known,
And very strange to mention,
Our duke she trusted with her goods
Before he had his pension.

Thus the Duke he loved the Colonel much,
And ever sounds his praise,
For thus it is, his Highness shews,
His love for Charlotte Hayes.

The Colonel hates court martial all,
For him they sorely handle,
And he, alas ! was one day broke,
For loving coals and candle.

But his colonelship is still most dear,
And tenderly he loves it ;
For in the course of one half hour,
Full fifty times he proves it.

For spite of coals and candles, whence
Much mischief did befall him,
He tells you, how often his friend the Duke,
His colonel dear doth call him.

The beauties of his lovely face
He constantly doth boast,
How all the ladies in the land,
Give him their only toast.

The rubies of that lovely face,
The beauties of his nose,
Which instead of a carbuncle, so brown,
He swears more like a Rose !

A pastry-cook he did beguile,
And one unlucky day,
Her honor and her pastry both,
The Colonel stole away !

And virtues, such as these, no doubt,
To the Duke, him, recommended,
And for his chamberlain in chief,
They prove him quite intended.

The Duke resolved to push him on,
That fortune should o'ertake him,
Believing the charms his friend possessed
In parliament, sure would make him.

So to Jockey of Norfolk, they straightway went,
And they offer'd their notes of hand,
If for one of the boroughs in Jockey's gift,
He'd allow the Colonel to stand.

But the old boy new the pair too well,
And indeed, it was rather uncivil ;
For he told them, their notes were not worth a damn,
And they both might go to the devil.

The Colonel vapoured and flourished much,
And looked both valiant and bold,
And, swore that he'd flea old Jockey alive,
If old Jockey was not so old !

Yet the Colonel was thought to be most mild,
And soft, as any tailor,
He, therefore, longed to shew the Duke
How desperate was his valour.

The Colonel always was well known,
To dearly love a pidgeon,
And he picked up one, but he turned out
A *Hawke*, instead of a Widgeon.

And all the Colonel's golden dreams,
And the cash he hoped to share,
With Charlotte Hayes's charming stock,
All vanished into air !

For she had a fresh store of goods,
And when she thought, she'd nick'd him,
This Hawke found out their kind intents,
And he went to the Colonel, and kick'd him !

But as kicking was nothing new to him,
Still he strove to prevent a parting,
And in order again to tempt the *Hawke*,
He tried to make use of a *Martin* !

But here, poor devil, he missed his mark,
Tho' he strove for it, might and main,
For the *Martin* was firm and true to the *Hawke*,
And the Colonel got kicked again !

And this was a sorrowful job, indeed,
To our hero, the Colonel so brave,
And gentle Charlotte, at loss of the bird,
Most bitterly did rave !

This *Hawke* he had a friend, poor man,
A fellow of notoriety,
Who had an hundred wives, at least,
So much he loved variety.

And he was a Captain of Drivers gay,
And the Colonel him suspected,
That through his means, his well laid plan,
And Charlotte's was detected.

But in all his rage he was still afraid,
The Captain to plump attack,
For he rather thought this Driver might
Assault his lovely back !

For the Captain was a lusty dog,
And did both stout, and strong, strip,
And the Colonel feared that he might get drubb'd
By the driver Captain's long whip.

But as the Captain a member was,
Of a club where the duke was master,
He thought, that there he would have his revenge,
For his and Charlotte's disaster.

So to the Duke he secretly went,
His miseries out to pour,
And told him how the captain had
Of wives at least five score !

And all about his wicked deeds,
And that he'd changed his name,
And had not paid the herald's fee,
Which was a burning shame !

And many other awful things
This Driver had committed,
And hoped that his being in their club,
No longer would be permitted.

The Duke cried out most vigorously,
And swore his lodge he'd tell,
That they, this fellow with so many wives,
Immediately should expell.

But the Duke then thought of his own dear wife,
The Colonel thought of the cook,
And feeling themselves two scurvy rogues,
With fear and shame they shook.

The Captain hearing of their plan,
And what, by them, was meant,
He wrote to the Duke what he thought of him,
Out to the Colonel he went.

And when he found the Colonel brave,
As he walked in Portman-square,
He gave him such a kick of the breech,
As made the Colonel stare!

And well he would have pummelled him,
On that auspicious day,
But that the Colonel, poor dear man,
Most wisely ran away!!

So his fire-eating days are o'er,
And he'll no quarrels be picking.
And the ladies say, that the quiet, sweet man,
Is more kick'd against than kicking!

So now long live this charming pair,
For nothing them can match,
Not Billington nor all her crew,
Nor Charlotte Hayes's hatch!!!

GALLERY OF ECCENTRIC PORTRAITS.—No. III.

THE establishment of debating societies may be regarded as the first and most important step towards the cultivation and advancement of our national eloquence; and but for the encroachments that are made on every beneficial institution by vulgar and sordid adventurers, would have tended, in no inconsiderable degree, to call forth the powers of the ambitious and the able, and to instruct and enlighten an attentive and speculative audience. Unfortunately, their utility has been precluded, and their reputation degraded by the abortive attempts of vanity or avarice; and every debating room is indiscriminately shunned by the scholar and the gentleman, because they have sometimes been opened beneath the direction of unworthy individuals, or have been the occasional scenes of vulgar and personal contention.

To establish a society to which the members should be admitted by a regular, though not a formal introduction, that should hereafter be composed of individuals in some degree connected with its original founders; combining the ease and freedom of daily intercourse, with the entertainment and instruction of political and literary discussion: affording to the man of genius the most favourable opportunity for the utterance of his spontaneous sentiments, while it encouraged and supported the first faint flutterings of juvenile ambition, was the great and splendid object of the original **BRILLIANTS**; and when the major part of that society determined on a formal secession, and assumed the title of **ECCENTRICS**, they retained so much reverence for the laws and customs by which their predecessors had been guided, as to make them the foundation of their present system of policy and manners. When it is known that among the fathers of the Eccentrics are recorded the names of Cur-

ran, Erskine, and Sheridan, it will not be disputed that some degree of plausibility must have been attached to the plan on which this school of eloquence, and this elysium of the able, the aspiring, and the timid, the old and the young, the sober and the intemperate, was established. It was reserved for modern times, however, to witness the union of a tavern and an academy. Such a combination never occurred to the uninstructed minds of a Solon or a Plato: the sea-shore was the *Fousil* of Demosthenes, and the *Pocula Sacra* the only cup that touched the lips of the antagonist of Cicero.

Poverty is frequently the lot of genius, and the founders of the society remembering that even a Sheridan may sometimes be destitute of change, limited the demand for admission to half-a-crown. That time is valuable, and life is short, are truths admitted by the learned, and obvious to the ignorant: they provided, therefore, in the abundance of their wisdom for the equal and alternate gratification of the corporeal and intellectual faculties. Porter and politics divide in this favoured resort of *taste* and genius, the worship of their votaries; taxes and toasted cheese become the alternate objects of critical examination: and while the nostrils are regaled with the odour of rump-steaks, the palate gratified by the flavor of Old Tom, and the eye delighted by the rotundity of kidneys; the ear is enchanted by the calm though exuberant melody of a Grant, the fancy captivated by the chaste and classical imagery of a Bland, and every latent feeling of virtuous sympathy awakened to extacy by the unobtrusive yet commanding deportment of a Hewlings.

A speculative friend, indeed, who seldom mingles in the active contests of the society, but enjoys with equal *gust* the luxuries of the larder, and the pleasures of silent speculation, has endeavoured to persuade us that the intellectual character of the majority of the orators at the Fousil bears a perfect accordance with their *palatial* propensities. Mr. Brownley, he has observed, is fond of

good substantial port, that sparkles when unbottled, and by its genuine stimulus enlivens and invigorates. Mr. Ferguson is attached to Soda water, that goes off with a bounce, and after the first draught is tasteless and insipid. Whitbread's stale entire is the favorite of Mr. Grant; Mr. Walsh (the barrister) is partial to a bottle of neat sherry; a pleasant gentlemanly wine, agreeable to the eye and to the taste, though not remarkable for body. Mr. Black Clarke is fond of goose; and Surgeon Bland reminds our informant of a *fine lively turtle*. Mr. Quin recalls to his memory a bottle of adulterated ale, that after once uncorking, you continue to drink in spite of weariness and stupefaction. Mr. Hewlings admires a glass of stale beer frothed by agitation; and Mr. ——— is set down towards the close of every evening for a roasted chicken.

Deductions of this kind, however, may please the fanciful disciples of a Kant or a Lavater, but are too abstruse to awaken the attention or satisfy the curiosity of our metropolitan readers. It becomes our duty, therefore, to express, in a plain way, our serious opinion of a society which boasts so large a share in the convivial and political entertainment of the town. The manners and talents of individuals who may disgust or gratify more than four thousand visitors within the period of a year, and who chuse as the scene of their pleasures and the theatre of their exertions, a room to which a large proportion of the intelligent and political part of the community have access, are the just objects of applause or reprehension. To those members who might vainly endeavour to enter the list of personal contention with the veterans of the society, our strictures may be useful, by demonstrating to their opponents that the modest and inexperienced will always find in the press a faithful and strenuous auxiliary; and the individuals who convert the society into a mere assemblage of friends, collected together to applaud their loquacity and countenance their rudeness, may be ashamed or corrected into

a proper observance of decorum. We have no doubt, indeed, that many of those who now indulge in all the arrogance of imagined security, and assume the airs and graces of the practiced orator, will revert to their humble but honest occupations, as soon as the public mention of their names enables their quondam companions and anxious relatives to discover the scene of their nocturnal dissipation. Loss of time is of all other losses the most injurious to individuals in humble life; and the most clamorous of the Eccentrics, those who contribute to deprive the society of its legitimate enjoyments, and are the parents of discord and indecorum, are usually humble tradesmen whose vanity has seduced from their daily callings, to pursue the idle trade of Eccentric eloquence.

There are many other individuals, however, whose talents would do honor to more exalted societies, than that which assembles at the Fousil. The oratorical talents of a Brownley will yet be remembered with respect, by those who have witnessed the contests between him and Adolphus, at the Athenians. Fluency of diction; a distinct and sonorous articulation; felicity of humor; and an intuitive facility of disentangling the most complicated argument, and discovering at a single glance the fundamental fallacy of the most ingenious sophistry; are the characteristics of an Eccentric, the first in intellectual rank, and one of the earliest members of the society. If the personal habits of Mr. Brownley be not as regular as his talents are transcendant, his errors demand the correction of the moralist, rather than the animadversion of the critic; and if on some occasions there escapes from his mouth a sarcastic remark, more severe in itself, or in its mode of expression, than is perfectly consistent with the good humor of an Eccentric, the unguarded freedom, or the momentary presumption that it displays, are forgiven as the venial and occasional errors of an imagination too warm to be always beneath the guidance of his judgment,

or as the privileged eccentricities of undisputed wit, and long established superiority.

—In contrast with this old and privileged member of the society, whose very errors contribute to its instruction and amusement, the ingenious Mr. Hewlings demands the first place. Vanity and a confirmed disposition to irritate the feelings and repress the exertions of every new and aspiring member; the most disgusting and offensive impertinence to its elder visitors, and a continual effort at the display of wit and sagacity, at the expence of decency, and good manners are the peculiar characteristics of this loquacious pretender to eloquence. Having sacrificed all the opportunities of youth to the vain display of that superficial knowledge, which may be collected from the reviews, and a fluency of utterance totally independent of intellectual effort; he conceives himself to be the very pink of youthful oratory, and indulges in the delusion of self-importance the utmost exuberance of egotism. He has, like most men of grovelling habits, and uncultivated minds, a talent for mummery, and unconscious that he is himself a fair object of satirical buffoonery, he imitates in his pitiful attempts at mockery, those strong, though sometimes ludicrous peculiarities, that in studious or ardent characters, are often the indication of strong and vigorous intellect. On one evening, during which we were present, he was willing to triumph in an imitation of Mr. Grant, who, however unequal he may be to Mr. Hewlings in fluent and flippant impertinence, must disdain comparison with this *would-be* satirist in the qualifications of the head, or the virtues of the heart. Mr. Grant was not a mimic, or he could have retorted with interest: he expressed, however, his sense of the impropriety committed by his imitator, and Mr. Hewlings, in the true spirit of a braggadocio, “begged leave” to inform Mr. Grant that if he meant any personal application to him, he was ready to resent it. This is the true picture of the *timid* impertinent: he first is guilty of a gross and unmanly insult, and then defies you to a mode of resentment

that he knows to be so disproportionate to the offence, and so contrary to the usages of the society in which the provocation was given as to preclude its adoption. And if Mr. Hewlings, in the exuberant bravery of youth, be fond of gunpowder, why is a cooler and a wiser individual to be subjected to the necessity of chusing between silent submission to his insults, or the sacrifice of his health, or his existence?

Thus far had we proceeded, in the room of the Eccentrics, enveloped amidst clouds of smoke, and occasionally interrupted by the wit of Bulmer, and the eloquence of Bland, when our attention was suddenly and completely diverted from the subject before us by the announcement of Mr. Romeo Coates. Our surprize may be conceived, but we shall not anticipate: the inauguration of this gentleman is among the memorabilia of the Eccentrics, and deserves a number of itself.

P. W.

Scourgiana ;

OR, SKETCHES OF THE HAUT TON.

So variable and amusing are the politics of the Haut Ton, that it is a matter of surprize no miscellany has been established for their more direct communication, than that which is to be found in the dry columns of the Morning Post, or the insipidity of those in the plodding Herald. To remedy so glaring a defect in the records of fashion, we have determined to devote a corner to the subject, and spare it as much room as our limits will allow.

The laws which govern the Haut Ton, are of no established basis ; they change with the season, and are seldom or ever founded upon precedent—they are mutable, according to the state of party, or the state of things ; and it frequently occurs, that in the course of *one* spring

opinions will veer round to all points of the fashionable compass. Thus, a lady who elopes from her husband the first week in January, is no longer to be considered as of the court—but is execrated as a most deserving object of censure, and for having left a quiet, amiable, tender, and affectionate husband, a man whose constant study seemed to be to render her happy—it will be pronounced that she was worthless—and some will say they foresaw what would follow—they had long suspected, &c. &c. If in the second week, she with her paramour—open their house and give a gala—why—the thing is altered of course—poor thing, she was much to be pitied—she was sacrificed by her parents—he was never the man of her choice—her heart was long devoted to the only being who could make her happy, and who now possesses her—if in the third, the husband gives a party—was ever so amiable a man seen—there is not a woman, but could live with him for ever—poor easy man, a thousand hearts bleed for him—but it is well that he has got rid of her—while one friend more observing than the rest, remembers once some wanton smiles upon her cheek when addressing a footman now discharged—oh, she was bad, naturally bad. But if in the fourth, the ex-wife send round her cards for a second gala, and another for stated nights during the season, she fully establishes her reputation as long as her parties last, and every one wonders how she could possibly have continued to live so long with the he-monster: why he was observed once secretly to pinch her at a party until her arm was black and blue; because she displeased him at another, he trod upon her toe maliciously until she was ready to faint; and a variety of other ill usages will be recounted, and all which it will be asserted she bore with the patience of a saint, while others would have tore his eyes out. A sudden fortune left to a poor dependant produces a wonderful effect in the optic nerve of the court of fashion; and they *immediately* recognize *merits* in him, which were only *obscured* formerly by *his own modesty*—if he keep open house,

drive the best curricule, and the best horses, gives the best parties, and the best wines—his coat will be studied to the cut of the collar, and he'll lead the fashion; but if in the height of this career, they *suddenly* find his money is gone, and his curricule and horses are to be sold; the optic nerve becomes again *irritable*, the *sight* is defective, and they really wonder what people could see in Tom Squander to admire—he had nothing of the *gentleman* about him—with this illustration of fashionable law we shall conclude our observation: it will be readily perceived that the politics of the Haut Ton have only one standard to go by, and that its variations regularly grow out of passing events—it will be in future our province to chronicle these events as they occur, thus giving our work a new feature, and more decided claim to the favor of the polite sojourner in the upper circles of rank and taste, a claim which will be justly and readily appreciated as affording an infallible source of fashionable intelligence, and the state of fashionable opinion.

It is earnestly recommended to Lord ——— to be more cautious in his visits to A ——— house, and to seek those opportunities, under the cover of night, which the broad glare of day may probably discover—the suspicions of the ——— are excited, detection would be awkward—an action of crim. con. provoking; for jurymen have strange notions on the **LENGTH OF LORDS' purses.**

Sir John L. ——— was lately voted out of the pales of fashion by a crowded court, *nemine contradicente*; Sir John has for a long time, labored under a consumptive affection, brought on by a former disease—the *yellow fever*: this malady having at length finally subsided, he is no longer considered as a worthy member of the court—an illustrious personage first turned away from the contamination, and his example was immediately followed by those who live only in the genial rays of prosperity, and who die when committed to the shade—one person alone betrayed symptoms of apostacy to established usage, and was heard to whisper—"gratitude," but his voice

was immediately drowned—he retracted—and it was put and carried in the most resolute manner that—“gratitude” should be a word in future obsolete in the dictionary of the Haut Ton—Sir John it seems has retired to Surry Castle.

A singular amour is about to be brought to light by the drop-sical tendency of the lady; the gentleman is not yet perfectly known, although shrewdly suspected, and the glance is cast at the bench—much speculation has gone abroad, and many questions naturally arising out of the case have been put. The lady is the wife of an enterprising and very valuable officer now in Portugal, and commanding a Portuguese regiment: he has been absent better than two years, and left his wife under the protection of his mother, who has never discovered any impropriety in her conduct, nor ever suspected until appearance became clearly evident that she was at all acquainted with any person out of her own domestic circle—no confession has yet taken place—but it appears that she was very *partial* to walking *alone*, and it was observed that those walks sometimes extended for several hours—very respectable evidence is adduced who once met her with ————, who was no visitor at the house of her mother-in-law, and on whom the suspicion at present rests. The gentlemen of the long robe are on the scent for briefs.

At a meeting of the *honourable society of Ivory turners*, held at their club house ———— St James's Street on Thursday last—the committee who had been appointed to inquire into the causes of Mr. Romeo Coates not having entered *his* name as a member, and having wholly abstained from frequenting their meetings—begged leave to present their report, which was done and read accordingly—when it appeared that every mild expedient had been resorted to which propriety could suggest, but that the gentleman remained inflexible to entreaty, and declined the honor of being rooked.

Report is loud in talking of a wealthy banker's surfeit at a late party, where it is said he made too free with a *Mellon*, too free for his constitution—they say he was suddenly affected with a cold shivering fit—languor and numbness of the extremities; and agreeable to the advice of his physicians he de-

terminated never for the future to taste that favored fruit—in consequence of this arrangement a young officer is said to have offered himself, asserting that the fruit in question thoroughly agrees with the warmth of his habit.

The amiable and portly duke of —, whose intrigue with Lady N. we lately entered into a full developement, after ruining the reputation of his *chere-amie*, destroying the domestic felicity of her husband, and plunging himself in debt and disgrace, in order to testify by splendid presents and costly festivities the ardor of his affection, has just transferred his amorous views from the lady, to her young companion, who rather than desert her, had accompanied her in her flight; and innocent in herself, had shared with her protectress in the infamy of intrigue. She is only fifteen years of age, the daughter of the late reverend and pious rector of A——e, who left Lady N. the interest of a handsome fortune, on condition that she should educate her young protégée in the paths of religion and virtue. What may be the result of this penchant on the part of the duke, we are unable to prophecy. If he persists in his intentions, the lady must relinquish his protection deserted and destitute, or witness in wilful blindness the deliberate seduction of a young creature, whom she is bound by every tie of family connection and of gratitude, to protect. Such is the influence of an “indiscreet” family, subject to the “misfortune” of adultery, on the peace and the morals of the people!

It is not less singular than true, that nearly all the conspicuous movers and supporters of the investigation into the conduct of the Duke of York, are now in the King's Bench. Col. Wardle, and the two Wrights, compose part of the furniture of the prison; and Mrs. Clarke languishes beneath the protection of Lord Ellenborough. Of all the individuals connected with the investigation, or his party, Mrs. Clarke alone can look back with exultation at the success of her intrigues, or compare the present with the past, without lamenting her appearance as a public character. We know her too well to suppose that even in a prison she is without the luxuries of life, or destitute of resources by which her apparent misfortune may be converted to her own advantage. As for poor Wardle, his conduct has been that of a blockhead and a bully; and he is now in a worse

situation than if he had entered the bench five years ago, in proportion as he is better known. Who that witnessed with attention the prevarications and contradictions of this pseudo-patriot at the outset of his career, would have expected that he should gain the confidence of the English people? and who, that contemplated at the end of the year 1808, the height of his popularity, could have supposed that any degree of dullness or of folly, exhibited by man, would have reduced him in one short year to ignominious obscurity? Of the Wrights it would be wrong to say much, under their peculiar circumstances. The individuals consigned to the Bench are not, however, the most unfortunate of those who, during the investigation, endeavoured to display their wit, their patriotism, or their talents. Poor Comrie's escape is in the remembrance of every one; and to rise from humble life to the regions of eloquence and generalship, a Folkestone, and a Clavering, have yet occasion to remember the wit and the treachery of woman.

For the last few weeks, a Miss Euphemia Boswell has endeavoured to excite the indignation of every literary man, to whose residence she can obtain access, against the amateur of fashion, the gay Lathario of the age, and the friends of Widows Fairbur and Liol, Mr. Robert Coates, by detailing the progress of his epistolary courtship with the late Miss Tilney Long, and stating on the strength of genuine documents, the liberal return that he generously made for her "*compositions* and corrections. Seventy-two odes, fifteen sonnetts, and two sets of elegiac verses, were the valuable and voluntary offerings of this paragon of gallantry, to the object of his distant admiration. His prose correspondence (if that could be called correspondence, which proceeded only from one of the parties) consisted of many folios: his letters were at first returned, but as they were all post paid, and pretty voluminous, they were at last consigned to the maid of all-work to be converted into tapers. The burning of the library at Alexandria, was not more to be lamented, than these unfortunate conflagrations. In reply to the request of Miss Boswell, for the loan of two guineas, he took no notice of her necessities, but told her that she might enquire his character of any of the undermentioned persons, subjoining a pompous enumeration of bankers and

merchants. How much is it to be lamented, that the daughter of the friend and biographer of Johnson, should be exposed to the insults of such a being !

VALENTINE

Sent to Mr. James Allen P——. By Miss ——, daughter of the Vice-President of the Society for the Suppression of Vice.

O! Jammie, wilt thou gang wi' me
To new Jerusalem, and see
How saints together whine?
Tho' fit for nought, yet thou may'st do,
Weak as thou art, and silly too,
To be my Valentine.

To court thou go'st, then come to me
And let us have an *Agape*,*
And on thy knees supine,
Declare that thou wilt love thy wench,
And cringe and fawn not to the bench,
But be my Valentine.

Yet O! thou art but half the thing !
Then *puny*† BAYLEY with thee bring
Whose *notes* are so divine;
And he shall all his *pray'r book* read,
And Heaven propitiate in thy need,
My canting Valentine!

I like ASSURANCE well enough,
Tho Parke's, they say, is sorry stuff,
But gravity is thine.
And like Sterne's bull,‡ unfit for place,
Thou keep'st thy post with gravest face,
My lov'd SAINT Valentine.

* The love-feast of the Methodists.

† *Puisse* in the folio edition.

‡ "The Bull was very *unequal* to his department, but he went through his business with a grave face, and was a great favorite with Mr. SHANDY."

Tristram Shandy,

VALENTINE

Sent to Mr. Horace Twiss, Barrister at Law, Versifier, Critic, Editor of the
Beau Monde, Pamphleteer, Punch, and Proprietor of India Stock.

By ROSA MATILDA, (a faint rival of his divine, "*My Lassie Love*.")

Air, "*O Bothwell Banks*."

My love is but a laddie yet,

And very clumsy, very pale ;

But he can talk till stars are set,

And slumbers over all prevail,

Endless thy words (I tell the truth,)

That have not learnt with sense to rove,

Nor raise a blush to grace thy youth—

My own tall boy, my laddie love !

And must ambition touch with pang

That *orient*† soul so weak and light—

Must Fashion, hopeless, strive to hang

A gem on such a hapless wight ?

No, still be Vanity's and mine,

As Punch to lords and ladies rove ;

Still be thy Rosa's Valentine,

My own tall boy, my laddie love !

Every day brings with it the merited exposure of some one or other of the dignified *functionaries* of the state, men who are entrusted with the balance of the nation, and who are to cater for its wants—and the public are enabled to estimate the *virtues* of their legislation, the wholesome *exercise* of the laws under which they live, and the *absolute* value of the administrators of their public affairs by the *threats* of disappointed women, and the publication of *private correspondence* carried on with them by men in office.

The celebrated Mrs. Clarke is said to be again labouring under pecuniary difficulties, and with a view of extricating herself has threatened to disclose some important facts! and to publish a packet of letters! from the pen of the Hon. Wm. F——g——d, the I--sh Ch——nc——r of the E——q——r. The business is not yet ripe before the public.—We understand the gentleman, on the first brunt of his alarm, applied to Mr.

* See Scottish Melodies.

† A figure borrowed from Leadenhall-street.

C——, a very worthy magistrate, who replied it was an affair not coming under his cognizance, and that he could do nothing in it; adding that if such men as the honorable gentleman would condescend to creep under the petticoats of a P—— he must abide by the result.—We suspect that Mr. F——g——d has crept into a warm birth!

EPIGRAM.

Tom says, "in Spain Life Guards live gay,"

I wonder what he means,

For they have but a groat a day,

And that's to buy them greens!

J. K.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE REGENT,
MR. SHERIDAN, AND COL. CONGREVE.

THE situation of Mr. Sheridan in not having been returned to serve in the present parliament, while it has been considered perilous to him, has excited a great deal of surprize as to the cause, and many shrugs and significant shakes of the head have been amply expressive of the public opinion of the end of royal favouritism. Sheridan with all his faults has been the steady champion of the people's privileges: we must not look too closely into the conduct of his private life, for we shall find nothing in it to panegyrize, but much indeed to censure: yet he has furnished us with one instance of a patriot's being incorruptible under the storms of adversity into which his own passions have led him. His country has been the pole to which the needle of his affection has always pointed; he never lost sight of the public cause or his duties as a senator of the people, while his private acts were subjects of the loudest censure, and deserving of the reprobation which was cast upon them. He was likewise the friend of the Prince and the royal family in general, but his friendship never betrayed him into a tool of power or corrupt influence. That such a man should be cast out of the senate in his years of increasing infirmity, when nothing but mental energy remained, deserted by those friends who could and ought to support him, now at the

time when grown old and grey-headed—it was a reproach to the Prince on existing appearances, it was a reproach to the party with whom he had divided for so many years. The ambition which lost him Stafford was natural if not politic; his ingratitude was loudly censured; but could he have insured Westminster his success would have turned the tide of reprobation; however, the conduct of the electors of the former borough in rejecting him on a subsequent occasion was a correct vindication of their rights, and a manly and dignified support of their honor.

During the speculation which these events had given birth to, we were led to enquiry, and we challenge contradiction of the assertion that Mr. Sheridan is *purposely* secluded from parliament for the present by the Prince himself, that Col. Congreve is his senatorial warming-pan until the CATHOLIC QUESTION is disposed of, when the gallant colonel accepts the Chiltern hundreds, and the Right Honorable ex-member resumes his seat. It is rumored in the political circles, and the report is entitled to every consideration, coming from *unquestionable* authority, that on Mr. Sheridan's being applied to *oppose* the catholic claims, the honourable gentleman declared it would be a dereliction of his duty as a member, and an unprincipled abandonment of a question which met with his warmest concurrence, if he did not lend it his most able support, and that he must beg to be allowed to follow his own inclinations; to which the Prince replied, and it WAS DETERMINED THAT SHERIDAN SHOULD NOT BECOME A MEMBER OF THE HOUSE UNTIL AFTER THE DISPOSAL OF THAT IMPORTANT QUESTION.

To the Editor of the Scourge.

AMONG the various characters who deservedly invite a share of your literary flagellation, is *one* that appears hitherto to have escaped the lash; most probably from one having been introduced to your observation; otherwise

your impartiality of censorial animadversion, would undoubtedly have included *him* within the pale of reprehension and correction! I mean the "*Military Martinet*;" the man, who having attained a certain professional rank, (too often from interest and family connection rather than from meritorious services,) assumes towards his inferior officers a hauteur of deportment, and a harshness of language, proceeding even to *abuse*, which to the gentleman, and the man of feeling, scarcely the rigid strictness of military subordination can render endurable! *I* have witnessed a petty tyrant of this description reviewing a body of troops: and liberally (or rather illiberally) venting his oaths and public reprimands to the field-officers of regiments on the most trivial occasions, and often from *mere caprice*; while the latter, though ready to burst with indignation and wounded feelings, have only bowed the head, and dropped the point of the sword; which violated honour, unchecked by the severity of military discipline, would have prompted to level at the breast of their insulting superior!

Among the most distinguished of these foul-mouthed orators, the renowned *ci-devant* "*General Whitelocke*," stood notoriously prominent! But there are also "*other honourable Generals*" still in his Majesty's employ, scarcely second to that celebrated character in the exercise of this "*safe abuse*," this "*field rhetoric*:" and there is strong reason to suspect "*as little superior to him in military skill or personal bravery!*"

Indeed, experience will justify the assertion, "*that an overbearing and tyrannical conduct is symptomatic of any thing rather than of genuine courage!*"

To *particularize* would be less invidious than dangerous! Under the present system of our criminal jurisprudence, (as administered by the "*great Law Luminary*" of the day,) it appears to be considered more venial (in a man of rank at least,) to commit the most atrocious outrage or offence, than in an *untitled* moralist to hold up the perpetrator of such a crime to deserved

reprobation! I would not willingly expose *you*, Mr. SCOURGE, to the severity of his legal inflictions, and will, therefore, without *personally identifying* the principal actor, merely present you a poetical sketch of "*Parade Scenes*," which have fallen under my own immediate observation. It is an extract from an unpublished satirical poem, entitled "*Characteristics, or Sketches from Nature*;" from which, if my communications be acceptable for your work, I will occasionally furnish you with farther selections.

I remain, your constant reader, and faithful
humble servant,

A CENTURION.

Chelsea, 15th Feb. 1813.

Extract from "Characteristics," or "Sketches from Nature ;"
A SATIRE.

"THE GENERAL." CHARACTERISTIC III.

Who next appears?—A *General* survey,
Without experience, skill, or courage—*Grey* :
For *Grey* nor *White-locks* in command, impart
Skill to the head, or courage to the heart !
Too oft, alas !—a General we find,
" Of peevish temper, and capricious mind ;"
A mind, that independent worth o'erlooks,
And deals its boons to parasites and cooks ;
While purveyors and pimps, enjoy all trust,
Who cater for his palate, or his lust ;
Wretches,—that honour, truth, nor candour know,
The liar,—"*P-nt-rd-nt* ;"—the leech,—"*M-nro* ;"
And proud to pick his patron's half-pick'd bones ;
Pimp, spy, and dunce,—his jockey chaplain "*J-n-s* !"
If we this General's private hours explore,
They pass 'mong *pimps*, a *cuckold*, and a *whore* :
While fair *A-st-na*'s dalliance revives
The spark that 'mid his dying embers lives ;
Th' enfeebled debauchee, with fumbling haste,
Gloats o'er her charms, tho' impotent to taste ;
And yields more proud of her, than his command—
A *cornu-copie* to her cuckold's hand ;

While sneering sycophants attend the while;
And peep, and smile ;—and smile, and peep ;—and smile ;
And gay “ *M-nro*,” in lively Scottish air,
Carols aloud,—“ thrice happy, happy pair !”

If to the field, on some raree review,
This mighty “ *Sour-kroust hero*” we pursue,
Racing from east to west, from north to south ;
What words of honey issue from his mouth !
Not Billingsgate herself, with all her tongues
Can match the filth of his corroded lungs !

“ G-d d—n your blood, you Major !—Major *C-rr* !
Dress back, Sir !—you’ve advanc’d the line too far !”

“ You bl—ed whelp, you *P-g-t* !—like a barge
Your squadrons move :—spur, fly, your front enlarge !
Is that a charge, G-d d—n you !—that a charge ?”

“ You, *L-m-x* !—curse you,—you the whole have marr’d !
D—n you !— you can’t command a corporal’s guard !”

“ You *D-le* ! You sneaking cur !—attend the word :
You *head* those gallant lads, the ninety-third ?
Fall back---G-d bl-t you ! to their *naked rear* ;
You’re scarcely fit to form their *pioneer* ! ! !”

“ You *C-x* !—why where the hell have *you* delay’d ?
Bring up your damn’d artillery brigade !
Quick, move, Sir !—Mark the word of your commander,
For tho’ you dar’d oppose *Great Al-x-nd-r* ;
I’ll make you bend—however stiff your back is,
Ev’n to his puppies, aides-de-camp and lacqueys !”

Such is th’ abuse, whene’er his mouth he opes,
He *squeaks*, inflaming metaphors and tropes ;
Which clearly proves---(if language proof can yield ;)
“ He’s fitter far for *Bedlam* than the field ! ! !”

(To be continued.)

THEATRICAL REVIEW.

COVENT GARDEN.

The Students of Salamanca.—This comedy, the avowed production of Mr. Jamieson, the author of the *Touch at the Times*, a comedy produced last season, although it boasts nothing

like novelty, or much interest, is deserving of a better fate than that which seems to be closely following and hunting it from representation. Compared with the miserable insipidity of Reynolds, Dibdin, and those minor dramatic lights shining in the theatrical expanse, from any other cause than merit, Mr. Jamieson will claim very superior consideration, and will be found a standard to which they never can ascend. He seeks not the aid of tornadoes, water spouts, splendid palaces and curious cabinets, to enchain the attention of his auditors; his glitter is not to the eye, his appeal is to the sense; and although we are compelled to confess he has hitherto been unsuccessful, he has nevertheless furnished us with a sample of genius affording a prospect of future profit. The plot of the comedy is very simple, and the incidents are made up of blunders so clumsily introduced, so slovenly contrived, that they very ill compensate for a want of interest, which never improves from the first scene to the last.

Don Alonzo (Mr. Abbot) is privately married to Angelica, (Miss Cooke); the daughter of Don Gaspar (Mr. Blanchard); through the contrivance of Pertilla, a very pert chambermaid, (Mrs. C. Kemble). Don Christoval, a laughing, loving, sentimental rake (Mr. Jones), a fellow student of Don Alonzo's, at the University of Salamanca, accidentally sees Aminta (Mrs. H. Johnson) and falls in love with her; she, it appears, has no aversion to his suit, but at their meeting refuses to reveal her name: thus circumstanced he follows, and sees her enter the house of Don Gaspar—meeting his friend Alonzo he enquires whose house it is, who informs him; he makes further enquiries relative to the lady, when immediately the jealousy of Don Alonzo is excited, he suspects it is his own wife of whom Christoval is in pursuit; and hence all the interest, all the varieties that are to fill up five acts. There are letters misdirected, misdelivered, dropped, exchanged, &c. &c. Closets, garden-gates, elopements, discoveries, serenades, and all the incidents which ever have characterized the Spanish novel, from the days of Boccace down to the present time; but we are not amused with these changes and transitions, which so unnaturally press upon the heel of each other; the stage is always in a bustle, and without any other apparent object in view than that which is the characteristic of a pantomime. Don Daphnis, a superannuated old student and beau, adds a little to the life of the scene,

and was very well represented by Fawcett ; but it forcibly reminded us of something we were well acquainted with before. Geronimo (Simmons) an intriguing old steward, boasted no more novelty—and Miguel (Matthews) afforded little or no scope for the display of the eccentric powers of the performer. Mr. Jamieson has entirely failed, by attempting what is termed *legitimate* comedy. His plot is intended to be chiefly supported by character, and he has wholly failed in delineating character of either interest or novelty—but the language is neat, and in several instances elegant : there are a few happy hits at the times, but these are become so common, garnishing every effort of the dramatic music, that the town has been long since surfeited.

Among the fair candidates for the laurel wreath which a Siddons has lain down, it is our task to notice the attempt of a Miss Douglas, a young lady it is said of much provincial celebrity : we were not fortunate enough to witness her debut, but her Elvira in Pizarro we can speak to as a performance of considerable merit, claiming for her a very respectable rank in the tragic department of the drama, but by no means warranting a hope that she will approach that eminence which her excellent predecessor seems to have secured to herself. Miss Douglas's judgment led her to a very correct delivery of the most impassioned passages, and she sustained the character throughout with a great deal of energy : her principal deficiency consists in rather a monotonous tone of voice and declamation, never varying, never straying into any of those pleasing striking beauties which gave dignity to the manner and action of Mrs. Siddons—her figure is pleasing but by no means commanding, and her countenance does not seem sufficiently flexible to represent the deep feelings of a Belvidera, an Isabella, &c. &c.—Elvira is by no means an arduous part in itself, it is only so from the recollection we still have of the great mistress of tragic portraiture, whom we have so often seen and admired depicting her bosom's glow and the greatness of revenge.

Poor Vulcan.—Managers like poets no sooner believe they have hit upon a good subject than they strive to make the most of it, and thus defeat their own object, and fatigue the town by their puerilities. Midas is assuredly one of the best burlettas upon the English stage, and its revival by the Covent Garden proprietors, while it was hailed with much pleasure by the town amply rewarded the former, for the very superior abilities dis-

played in its mechanical production, and the great controversy with which all its requisites were attended to—but in rescuing Poor Vulcan from the silent tomb to which it had so long been consigned, argues a lamentable deficiency of judgment, or an absolute attempt to panderize the already vitiated taste of the town—it is a performance destitute of every merit, it was an humble imitation of Midas, and it was so humble that it was kicked from the regular stage—languished for a short time at the Royalty, and consigned to the mouldering shelves of time, to find its quietus which Mr. Harris should have suffered it silently to have done, and not now have tortured it into fresh existence. If it is possible for a performer to display talent in a piece destitute of either wit or interest, we should be inclined to say that Fawcett's Poor Vulcan afterwards Crump, although a lame performance was sustained with humor—Incledon's Jupiter was nothing *godlike*! Sinclair sang one or two songs with great taste. Miss Bolton's Venus had nothing of the De Medicis in it—she is a very interesting girl, but by no means qualified to represent a Venus.

Love for Love.—The revival of this lively but indelicate comedy of Congreve affords us an opportunity of noticing the return of Mrs. Jordan to the stage, whose comic powers previous to her late secession were so long the admiration of the metropolis. So closely must she live upon recollection, that it is needless to point out the characters in which she excelled: no frequenter of the drama but must remember her admirable delineation of Miss Prue, Miss Peggy, or Nell; but we cannot help thinking that at her present period of life, she would *act* wisely in leaving them to less meritorious successors. How can we possibly reconcile the appearance of *fifty* to the mad-cap antics of *sixteen*? We are by no means disposed to quarrel with Mrs. Jordan; we are not among that cankered number who seek the return of an old favourite as a favourable opportunity for retailing a fresh old tale of slander; our opinion comes with a pure good inclination, recommending her, if it is necessary for her still to continue an ornament to the boards of a theatre, to adopt those characters for which her age and person best qualify her. Could we express to her the inconceivable delight with which we heard that mad-cap rustic laugh so admirably adapted to the character, which we heard from behind the scenes, on her opening the part, we should attempt to convey

some idea of our disappointment on her entrè---our—we will not say disgust—although bordering upon it. Mrs. Jordan must be well acquainted with the appearance of her matronly form; that plenitude of flesh conveying away every girlish idea—we will say no more. Matthews's Foresight must rank in point of merit among his best efforts, it was inimitable and drew down thundering testimonies of approbation.

DRURY LANE.—The length and unusual interest of several articles occupying our pages of last month, rendered it necessary deferring our strictures on Mr. Coleridge's new tragedy of Remorse, at that time. We have now the advantage of the book before us, and are thus afforded an opportunity of examining between its attractions on the stage and in the closet; and whether it is owing to its *own* intrinsic merit, or the aid of the performers, that it has got fast hold of the boards of the drama, and continues in favor with the public; and we are decidedly of opinion to the latter cause does it boast its host of strength. We never saw a play upon the whole better played. Mr. Coleridge cannot feel too grateful to Miss Smith, Mr. Pope and Mr. Powell, for their acceptance of parts so totally beneath their talents, and to Mrs. Glover, Mr. Rae and Mr. Elliston for their very splendid exertions, and the interest and ardor with which they nightly sustain their respective parts—they have unitedly given it an effect, which the author in his most sanguine moments, if he is a rational being could not have hoped to have seen exceeded. So much for the performance; now then for the play, or the dramatic poem as he is pleased to term it; and here he seeks to disarm our criticism, by threatening us with an essay on dramatic poetry, which is about to proceed *immediately* from the press, and which is to be a quietus to the censurers of his tragedy---well, let it come---we shall not be deterred from the conscientious discharge of our duty towards the public and ourselves, by offering our judgment on its merits, and pointing out what constitutes in our opinion its defects. The scene is in Spain, and the time, to use the author's own words—"The reign of Philip II. just at the close of the civil wars against the Moors, and during the heat of the persecutions which raged against them shortly after the edict which forbade the wearing of Moresco apparel under pain of death." Thus furnished with the complexion of the times, he transports us to the shores of Grenada, and tells us the follow-

ng tale---Marquis Valdez (Mr. Pope) according to Mr. Coleridge, a partial but honorable father, has two sons, Don Alvar the eldest, (Mr. Elliston), Don Ordonio the youngest, (Mr. Rae); and is besides the guardian of Donna Theresa, an orphan heiress (Miss Smith.) Now it appears that this partial but honorable father has cause to curse his unlucky stars that ever this young lady should have become his ward, for she is beloved by *both* his sons; and out of this rivalry arises the interest of the play---Alvar is all honor, gentleness and love. Ordonio was equally eminent for virtue, if not more so, until this unhappy passion, aided by the *conscious* pride of virtue, turned all his goodness into bad passions, and made him hire assassins to murder the brother whom he loved! For this purpose Isidore, (De Camp) a Moresco chieftain, who has embraced the catholic faith, was employed with two others to dispatch him; and under the supposition of the death of Alvar the play begins. It begins with his return to his native land, after an absence of three years, and enduring a captivity by no means accounted for; he discourses with a Moorish friend Zulima, and tells him that he returns for the purpose of saving his guilty brother, and to "rouse within him remorse"---How does he set about this important affair? By disguising himself in a Moresco dress, which according to Mr. Coleridge's statement of the times, subjects him to the penalty of death, and sending him (his brother) in the presence of the familiars of the holy inquisition, a message, which might naturally enough be expected to envelope him in the flames of an *auto de fe*---"Say to the lord Ordonio,

"He that can bring the dead to life again."

Ordonio in the mean time is making strong suit to Theresa, who does not return his kindness; and we have the father urging the suit of his second now presumed to be his only son; but she replies---

"I have no power to love him.

His proud forbidding eye and his dark brow

Chill me like dew damps of the unwholesome night;

My love, a timorous and tender flower,

Closes beneath his touch."

As it is necessary to bring all the characters together, Monviedro (Mr. Powell) an inquisitor "on some new scent of blood," enters with Alhadra (Mrs. Glover) the wife of Isidore, and claims if the Lord Ordonio *knows* her husband, which after a short conflict with his feelings, he chooses to con-

fess, and answers for his being a catholic; thereby rescuing him from the dungeons of the inquisition. Then we have a scene between Ordonio and Isidore, when the secret comes out about the murder, but Ordonio is not made acquainted with the existence of Alvar. Isidore refuses to perform the character of a magician, to practice upon the credulity of Theresa, who has declared that she will not marry Ordonio until satisfied of the death of Alvar, which satisfaction Ordonio wishes to afford her by pretended supernatural agency: however, although Isidore refuses, he recommends the Moresco who sent the singularly mysterious message, and Ordonio retires to concert with him.---We have then a meeting between the brothers. Alvar unknown to the other immediately accedes to his wish, with a view awakening in him "Remorse"---then we have a "Hall of Armory," "An Altar," and a mystic spell, with soft music from an instrument of glass or steel, to raise the effect of the charm---then a picture is exhibited, a miserable daub, which would disgrace an ale-house sign, and this picture is made to reveal the manner by which Alvar comes by his death---Ordonio is betrayed, but Monviedro and the familiars of the inquisition entering abruptly, the supposed magician is hurried off to a dungeon, and thus Ordonio has a respite from detection.---But he determines on revenge---and by some singular good fortune gets Monviedro to entrust his prisoner (Alvar) to his custody, which is accordingly done, and Ordonio enters with the keys vowing to visit Isidore first---Isidore is accordingly killed off in the fourth act, and in the fifth we find the murderer (Ordonio) come to poison his brother: here an explanation and a discovery ensues, and Ordonio rushes upon Alvar to destroy him, but is prevented by Theresa who throws herself between them---he then falls at his feet begging him to "curse him" with forgiveness, and for the first time feeling "Remorse," stands to be dispatched by Alhadra, the wife of Isidore, who enters with a band of armed Morescoes to destroy him, and the piece concludes in the usual way. Such is the outline of the tragedy, such the improbable and unnatural situations into which Mr. Coleridge has huddled his characters!

We must do him justice by saying that Alhadra is well drawn, and the most natural character in the whole performance; there is nothing of fiction in its construction; but that of Ordonio the most extraordinary we have ever heard of; he is a man, to use the author's own words,

What if his very virtue
Had pampered his swoln heart, and made him proud ;
And what if pride had duped him into guilt ?
Surely pride could never dupe a virtuous man into the guilt
of assassinating his own brother ! The language of the play is
in parts nervous and fine ; but those passages bloom like roses
in a cabbage garden, contrasting even to meanness the great
bulk of the whole.

MEMOIRS OF A POT OF PORTER.

THE merits of our caricature are so completely cognizable to every understanding, that any attempt at illustration must be attended by dulness as stale and unprofitable, in short, as that very deleterious compound itself (PORTER,) after having been exposed to the air of one night.

Thus circumstanced we shall resort to the memoirs of a very worthy old gentleman, once in the highest estimation, the favoured companion both of the peer and the beggar, and who still, in the wane of his days, although his constitution has been much injured by compounds of deleterious drugs, preserves much of his former good nature and old associations. What is very remarkable, and we believe only evidenced in the memoirs of this worthy old gentleman himself is, that in whatever society he is introduced, he has always invariably preserved the same complexion, the same seeming cheerful tone of temper, and is always received with an equal proportion of good humour : he mixes with all classes of mechanics, and maintains an influence over them generally to the exclusion of their wives and families.

He is often seen gladding their hearts at the tap-room table, and exhilarating the social song. The fire of the blacksmith's forge glows brighter under his influence—the heavy hammer drops in merrier tune upon the anvil enlivened by his presence. The taylor's goose hisses on the shopboard most musically, most melodiously, inspired by Mister Porter—the nimble needle flies at his bidding, and thread and buckram are found willingly bending to their various uses. He fixes a new and vigorous lash to the coachman's whip ; upon occasion can relax the surly countenance of the numbered cad ; the drover, reeking with heat, drops flowing from his rugged uncouth brow, gives him a smiling welcome on his approach, and stops to recognize an old friend ; but it is not among the above-enumerated gentlemen alone that Mister Porter is to be found associating : he takes a step higher, and moistens the tradesman's

evening pipe, or is to be found at home in the honest housewife's grip. The wet-nurse, with great good humour looks in the deep pot, and talks aloud of the philanthropy of this cheering friend, bringing her such abundant supply of milk for her infant. The wealthy cit, ploughing up Highgate-hill, and reeking with perspiration, beneath the sultry heat of a July sun, looks out for the Horns—his complying wife following at his heels—soon the frothen-headed pot is imparted to his grasp—his lips are fastened to the brim, and his panting lungs heave like a blacksmith's bellows at the forge, inhaling the mild and cooling beverage. The member of the Commons House of Parliament, the peer, the prince, the sovereign, have all shook hands with him upon occasion ; all doors are readily open to receive him.

Notwithstanding this general mixture with all classes of society, and many members of the Commons owe their seats to him—notwithstanding that he has enabled many men to roll in their carriages, and has occasionally possessed them of great estates and interest, and adding to all this a mercenary disposition, on his own part, never to associate with any one without a certain fee—it is certain he never mounted a better carriage than a brewer's dray, and is not at this moment worth more than SIX PENCE.—SIX PENCE!! why, it is even contended that he is not worth *half* that sum : that he *is* not what he *was* ; that his *stamina* is bad ; that he is compounded of *unwholesome* drugs, and no longer deserving of being called Porter. It is thus we have been led to examine into his origin, and enquire who were his parents.

It seems that in the reign of James the brewage of ales was so very prevalent in the smallest public houses, that it was deemed necessary to put a stop to a practice which preserved so great a nuisance in the increasing metropolis of London. Thus, under certain penalties and restrictions, licences were granted to certain individuals, which founded a monopoly still increasing, and which must ultimately prove alarmingly dangerous to the consumer.

Porter was originally the natural offspring of malt and hops, two honest old souls, who imparted to their darling son all their qualities ; he was much sought after, and sold his society in 1720 for two pence, but finding that to keep up his *stamina* his expences would necessarily increase, about the year 1732 he raised himself to two pence halfpenny, and so continued for a long period, when being in very great favour, and

universally admired, he suddenly advanced himself to three pence, and thus he remained until the commencement of the reign of George the Third, when the joy of having a king of our own, "a Briton born, and educated among us," induced the people to be pacified under another rise of Mister Porter to three pence half-penny. Some impudent wits exercised their talents upon this occasion, and it is mentioned of Shuter, that soon after the rise, the King being at the theatre, the comedian having a pot of porter in his hand, (being in character) asked a brother performer on the stage where he got it? who, with a view to compliment his Majesty, replied, at the *New King's Head*, God bless him! "Pshaw," replied Shuter, "Why did you not go over the way to the *Old King's Head*, you would have got it there a halfpenny cheaper." At three pence half-penny then the honest pot continued until the year 1801, when the wise and vigorous measures of an efficient ministry, had impregnated the sinews of war with the nation's strength, and it was declared that bread ought never to be less than one shilling the quartern; it was then the porter monopolists raised the price to *five pence*!!! But we no longer recognized in our old friend the purity of his early parents; his frothen head was no longer the index of his strength, his intoxicating qualities no longer the soundness of his stamina—*nox vomica* and *coccus indicus* were resorted to, to produce the latter, while the former was raised by a mixture they call finings, and the principal ingredients of which are allum, coppèras, salts of tartar, slacked lime, and beer dregs. Thus deteriorated and arrived at the advanced price of five pence, he remained until a Regent gladdened the hopes of the nation, when he suddenly assumed to himself the right of another advance, and in the year 1812 stamped himself of five pence halfpenny value; but still impatient under a *copper* restraint he finally forged himself a *six-penny* hoop, and lo! the bubble's burst—John Bull has descended into the cellar, the demon of mischief has reared the cask asunder, and the deleterious compound flows before his astonished eyes in impure streams—his bowels yearn at his old friend, and it is probable brewers may still *dream* of carriages, horses, town and country establishments, and seats in parliament, but *nothing more*—the imposture is detected!



Whapping! When what had I to do with this wretched scheme of Divorce -
this is worse than my mother with Dissenting Ministers Bill

confound our politics
They frustrate our knaught tricks
And have made Canterbury, cases of us

I thought I was far enough North for them
but it appears York went as I for them

would I were now quickly looking
up my table Beer to prevent waste
upon my servants, or sneaking
to bed with my shoes in my rump
fear of awaking my lady - any more
but where I am

Charge the cauldron!
I have put fuel in it



STATE MYSTERIES A VISION OF PALL MALL

ed us

Hide me! Hide me! Truth is hateful to me
and a virtuous wife abhorrent to my Nature

Sir I desire you do me right and Justice
And to bestow your pity on me: for
I am a most poor Woman and a stranger
born out of your dominion
if you can report
and prove it, against mine honor aught
my bond to Wedlock or my love and duty
against your sacred person in gods name
turn me away and so give me up
to the sharpest kind of Justice



MALL.

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